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ROSA

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. SEIFERT

DUBLIN CASTLE



Photo by Robinson & Sons, Dublin

THE STATE APARTMENTS, RECORD TOWER, AND CHAPEL ROYAL

THE CENTRE
OF EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT
IN IRELAND

THE Castle of Dublin does not present itself to the traveller passing through the capital of Ireland in the conspicuous way in which the Castle of Edinburgh looks down upon Princes Street. The modern city of Dublin has grown around it and crowded it almost out of sight.

But for well nigh seven hundred years "the Castle" has been a name of power—shall we not say, sometimes of terror too?—in the life of Ireland. It has been the citadel and centre of English, and latterly of British, rule. More than once the tide of rebellion has surged up to its very walls. More than once the heads of Irish chieftains have been affixed to its battlements.

But to-day a kindlier spirit prevails.

The power is still there, but it is used differently. Turbulence and rebellion have been disarmed, not by repression, but by wisdom, justice, patience, and conciliation.

The present Castle owes its existence to King John. In 1204 that monarch commanded Fitz-Henri to erect a castle at Dublin, "to curb the city or to defend it," and to make it as strong as he could, with good fosses and thick walls. John himself stayed there in 1210, during part of a two months' visit to Ireland.

Within the precincts of the Castle, according to the late Sir J. T. Gilbert, were a chapel, a jail, and a mill styled "the King's mill."

Dublin Castle

The chapel was under the patronage of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and each of the two chaplains received the annual salary of fifty shillings, with two shillings for wax. On the site of that old chapel, the present Chapel Royal, shown in the illustration at

The chief officers of the Castle garrison in the olden days were the Constable, the Wardens, and the Guardian of Works and Supplies. The Constable, who was frequently a nobleman of high rank, received an annual salary of eighteen pounds five

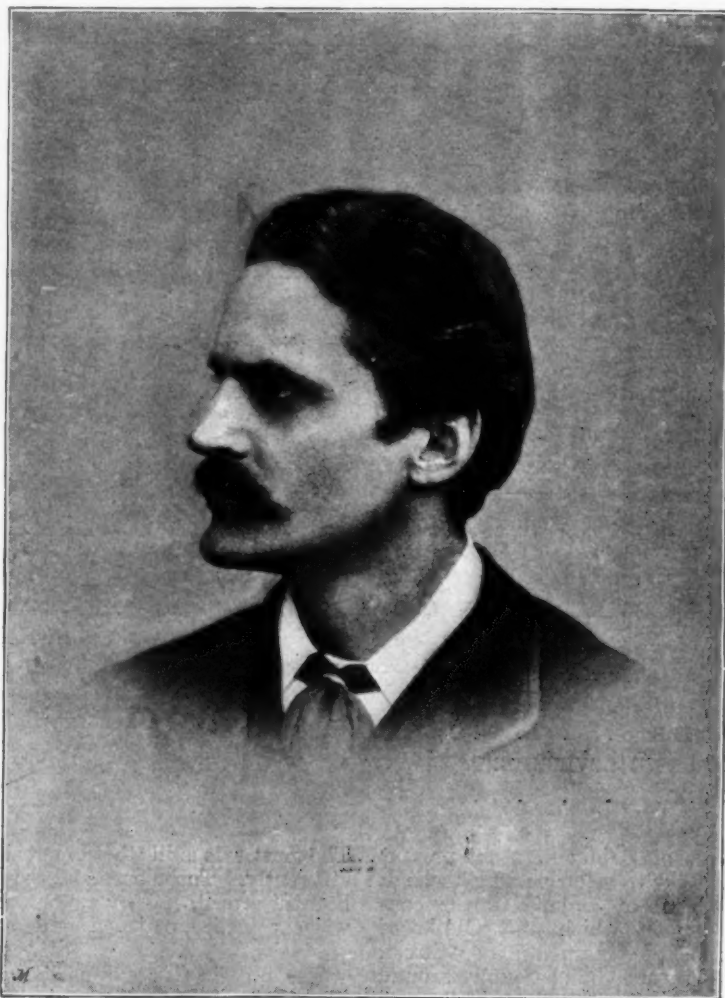


Photo by Russell & Sons

THE RIGHT HON. GERALD BALFOUR, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

the head of this paper, was built, being completed in 1814. The present Dean of the Chapel Royal and Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant is the Very Rev. H. H. Dickenson, an active worker in the cause of temperance and other philanthropic movements.

shillings, or one shilling per day, besides fees from prisoners. Prisoners, it need scarcely be said, were a fairly constant source of revenue to the Constable.

In 1583 Geoffrey Fenton, Secretary of State, writing to the Earls of Warwick and Leicester (*Carew MSS.*), tells of a duel

fought in the inner court of the Castle between two of the O'Connors. They had accused one another to the Lords Justices, and were summoned by the Council "to debate such challenges as they had one against the other." Teige O'Connor demanded combat, which the Lords Justices and Council granted. In this combat, in presence of patrons and officers of the field, Teige defeated his opponent and cut off his head. Teige's sword was sent by Fenton to the Earl of Leicester.

The tower shown in our illustration with the Chapel Royal is known as the Record Tower. There the State prisoners were formerly kept. It now provides a safe custody for the State Papers and contains the office of Ulster King of Arms. The eminent antiquarian, Sir Bernard Burke, long held this post, which is now occupied by Sir Arthur Vicars. Sir Arthur is a relative of the late Captain Hedley Vicars of Crimean fame. Our portrait shows Ulster King of Arms in the livery of his office. His assistant, Mr. Blake, is a nephew of Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Hong Kong.

It is in the Throne Room (see our illustration) that the levées and receptions of the



Photo by Werner, Dublin

SIR DAVID HARREL, K.C.B., UNDER-SECRETARY

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are held. The Viceroy of Ireland has his usual residence at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, where the Queen stayed during her recent visit. But during what is called "the season"—that is, from the beginning of February to St. Patrick's Day—the Lord Lieutenant and his household reside at the Castle. During this period the levées, drawing-rooms, banquets, and State balls take place.

St. Patrick's Hall is the ballroom of the Castle. There also the investiture of the Knights of St. Patrick takes place. During the Viceroyalty of the present Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Cadogan, there has been at least one vacancy among the Knights every year. Amongst those who have been created Knights of St. Patrick in Lord Cadogan's time are the Duke of York and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. The Knights were formerly installed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the banners of those thus installed are still to be seen there. But since the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland the banners, with crest, helmet, and sword of each Knight now installed, are hung on the walls of St. Patrick's Hall.

For a time, too, St. Patrick's Hall



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin

MR. J. B. DOUGHERTY, C.B., ASSISTANT UNDER-SECRETARY

Dublin Castle

had an academic as well as a social and heraldic interest. The annual examinations of the late Queen's University in Ireland were held there, and there its degrees were conferred. Since, however, the Royal University was substituted for it in 1879, the examinations have been held and the degrees conferred in the Exhibition Building.

But the real importance of Dublin Castle lies in the fact that it is the seat of the Irish Executive Government. This government has its centre in the Chief Secretary's Office.

Edmund Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queene," was for some years in Dublin Castle as Secretary to the Lord Deputy.

The position of Chief Secretary for Ireland, a later institution, has been filled by many eminent men, including



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

SIR ANDREW REED, K.C.B.,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

SIR ARTHUR VICARS, ULSTER KING OF ARMS

Addison the essayist. In more recent but scarcely less troublous times than those of Spenser it has been filled by such men as Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir George Trevelyan, and the present First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Arthur James Balfour. To none of the three was the office a bed of roses. In the House of Commons each of the three was fiercely attacked. In Ireland the most ferocious epithets were hurled at them, and at least one of the three, Mr. Forster, was more than once in imminent peril of his life during the terrible days of the "Invincibles."

The present writer holds no brief for either political party in the State, but must bear testimony to the fact that the present Chief Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, has, like his brother who preceded him, done much to develop the industrial resources of Ireland. And Irishmen of all parties are beginning to see more and more that on such development the future prosperity of their country must largely depend.

But while the Chief Secretary can do much, especially as representing the

Dublin Castle

Irish Government in the House of Commons, he is, after all, but a temporary official, going out of office with the change of Government.

It is therefore upon the permanent officials of the Irish Government that the responsibility for its actions must chiefly rest.

Foremost among these is the Under-Secretary. This office was long filled by the late Mr. T. H. Burke, who met such a tragic fate at the hands of the assassins in the Phoenix Park, May 1882. Mr. Burke was succeeded by the late Sir Robert Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir West Ridgeway, now Governor of Ceylon.

The present Under-Secretary is Sir David Harrel, K.C.B., a man of great administrative ability. Sir David won high distinction as Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. He has been more than forty years in the service of the Crown. From being a district Inspector of Constabulary he has risen to the highest post in the Irish Civil Service by sheer merit, and without any special social or political influence. This is so rare and remarkable a

record in Irish government that it deserves special commemoration. In his present office he is really the mainspring of the Irish Government. A large part of the success of the present Administration is due, beyond all doubt, to his wide experience and penetrating sagacity.

The Assistant Under-Secretary is Mr. J. B. Dougherty, C.B., an old student of Queen's College, Belfast, gold medallist of the Queen's University, and formerly Professor in Magee College, Londonderry. Mr. Dougherty is also Clerk of the Privy Council, and it is his duty to "swear in" Commanders-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland and others. In this capacity Mr. Dougherty has sworn in Lord Wolseley (as Lord Justice of Ireland), Lord Roberts, and, more recently, the Duke of Connaught. Sound judgment, strong common-sense, and tact in dealing with men, combined with a cultured and well-stored mind, have eminently fitted Mr. Dougherty for his responsible post.

It is sometimes said that the government of Ireland is administered by Englishmen for Englishmen. At one time this



THE THRONE ROOM

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

Dublin Castle

may have been true. At present, however, all the Heads of Departments are Irishmen, with the exception of Mr. Robertson, of the Board of Public Works. Mr. Robertson, who is a Scotsman and was formerly connected with the Highland Railway, was selected because of his railway and other practical experience. The Board of Works is, moreover, a Treasury department, and therefore not under the direct control of the Irish Executive.

The Finance department of the Chief Secretary's Office is under the direction of Sir F. J. Cullinan, and the administrative department under Mr. A. R. Wallace.

The Royal Irish Constabulary is controlled by the Inspector-General, Sir Andrew Reed, K.C.B., subject to the direction of the Executive. Sir Andrew Reed was a distinguished student of Queen's College, Galway. He received the thanks of Government in the House of Commons for his services in connection with the suppression of the Belfast riots in 1886.¹

One of the most important departments of the Irish Government is the Local Government Board. The Chief Secretary is its *ex-officio* President. Sir Henry Robinson is Vice-President, and among its members are Mr. Bagwell, author of the "History of the Tudors," Mr. W. L. Micks, a nephew of the late eminent Judge Lawson, and Dr. T. J. Stafford, a son-in-law of King-Harman the great Irish squire, of the

family of the Edward King commemorated in Milton's "Lycidas."

Many matters even in local government require the sanction of "the Lord Lieutenant in Council," and these have to be submitted to the Chief Secretary's Office. This is the result of the centralisation policy. Now there is more decentralisation. At the same time, though more power is now put into the hands of local bodies, the new Local Government Act has greatly increased the work of the Local Government Board. This Board has sometimes to interfere in a very drastic way in cases of gross local mismanagement. It has, for instance, more than once suspended a Board of Poor Law Guardians, and taken the local administration of affairs into its own hands.

Great anticipations are being formed in connection with the recently constituted Board of Agriculture. Of this, too, the Chief Secretary is President, and Mr. Horace Plunkett, M.P., Vice-President.

This last-mentioned Board is an indication how completely the arts of peace are being substituted for the machinery of force in connection with the government of Ireland. "The Castle," with all its permanent offices occupied by Irishmen, has become less of a garrison, and more of a sympathetic guiding influence. Whether Home Rule is to be "killed by kindness" or not, it is not for us to say. But this is certain, that loyalty and goodwill will always be promoted by kindness rather than by coercion.

¹ Since the above was in type, Sir Andrew Reed has resigned, and has been succeeded by Colonel Neville F. F. Chamberlain lately private Secretary to Lord Roberts.



Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

BY LOUIS BECKE

AUTHOR OF "BY REEF AND PALM," "WILD LIFE IN SOUTHERN SEAS,"
"RODMAN THE BOAT-STEERER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE "MALOLO" SAILS IN SEARCH OF TOM

THE following two weeks passed very quickly, Jack and his father and the two brothers being constantly in each other's society. The *Malolo*, after discharging her cargo, went into dock and came out again a bright shining white, and Mr. Wallis and the captain set about buying trade goods for her next voyage. The second mate was paid off and Henry Casalle shipped in his place, much to his satisfaction.

Late one night, after Jack had turned in and his father was about to follow, a hansom drove up to the hotel, and a short stout man wearing a frock coat and tall hat jumped out, and for two or three minutes poured out a torrent of abuse upon the construction of the vehicle and the anatomy of the horse.

"And as for you my joker," he said to the cabman, "you think that I don't know you've brought me by the most circum-bendious route you could think of you thundering swab trying the great circle dodge on a poor old sailor."

"Oh, come now, captain, don't say that. I've driven you a good many times, and hope to do so again."

"Do you? Well you won't what's the figger I have to pay you for betraying me into your crazy old rat-trap?"

"Nothing at all—not to-night, anyway, skipper. You ain't in a good temper. Shall I wait for you?" replied the cabman, who evidently knew his fare.

"No but come back for me in an hour And here's five bob Go and get something hot."

Just as Mr. Wallis was ascending the stairs, he heard the stranger's voice, speaking to the hall porter.

"I want to see Mr. Charles Wallis of Port Kooringa young man tell him that Captain Samuel Hawkins of the brig *Lady*—"

Mr. Wallis ran up to him with out-

stretched hand. "I am Tom's father. How are you? Where is Tom?"

"In Samoa or else on his way up to Sydney But it's a long yarn and—"

"Come to my room, captain. Porter, call my son and tell him that Captain Hawkins is here."

For once in his life old Sam said what he had to say in as few words as possible, and in less than five minutes Mr. Wallis and Jack heard of the meeting of the *Lady Alicia* with the *Leonie*, the fight, Mr. Collier's death and Tom's injuries, and how on account of the latter incident Captain Hawkins had acceded to Hayes's request to let Tom remain on board the *Leonie* with Maori Bill.

"And I'm sure that Bully Hayes would treat him well sir and I'm somewhat disappointed at not finding him here with you—"

"There is a very good reason for that, Captain Hawkins," said Mr. Wallis sadly. "Tom never reached Samoa, and heaven knows what has happened to him and Maori Bill." And then he told the captain the story that was heard by Captain Casalle in Fiji.

Old Sam was very deeply distressed. "Well sir I acted for the best and now it is clear I did the worst of course the young lad mentioned must be Tom and of course the New Zealand half-caste is my William Henry Now sir what is to be done? I and my brig are at your service if Tom and Maori Bill and the other man had a good boat they could have easily reached Fiji from Fotuna. And yet they might not have put to sea after all they might have gone ashore on some part of Fotuna and hidden until the *Leonie* had sailed! Fotuna is the place to try first sir They may be there now waiting for a ship If they did not stay there they would have headed for Fiji."

Mr. Wallis sighed. "I fear the very worst, Captain Hawkins. Surely, had they reached Fiji we should have heard some-

Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

thing by now! Fotuna, I am told, however, is seldom visited by even trading vessels, and it may be that my boy is there now. Now, will you come here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and meet my friend Captain Casalle, of whom you have heard from Tom, and we will discuss what is best to be done. He has a vessel ready for sea, and I think I shall charter him to go to Fotuna. If Tom is not there, Captain Hawkins, I shall go to Fiji. I shall never rest until I know what has become of my poor boy. I cannot but think that he and his companions may have perished at sea."

Old Sam pondered; then said, "I don't want to alarm you Mr. Wallis but if Tom and Maori Bill reached Fiji they ought to have been in Sydney by now. But if they didn't leave Fotuna they might be there for another six months before they could get away in a ship. And as I said before I and my ship are at your service I will lend her and myself and crew to you for six months free of charge to look for Tom for I love the boy." He took out a violently coloured silk handkerchief, and mopped his red face and suspiciously watery eyes.

Mr. Wallis pressed the old man's hand. "Thank you, Hawkins. You have been a good friend to Tom, as his letters show. But come here to-morrow and we shall decide what we shall do. And always bear in mind one thing, Hawkins, that whether God has or has not spared my boy to meet me again, I shall always be glad to call you my friend."

The old sailor's eyes filled. "I'm only a rough old shellback Mr. Wallis but you know what I mean my ship and myself—"

"I know that you saved my boy's life, I know that you are a good and generous-hearted man, and I thank you very heartily for your offer. But we will talk of all these things to-morrow. Now tell me about your cruise in search of the *Marengo*. Were you successful?"

"Successful we was sir leastways we found the men right enough and a miserable lot they were too not six good sailor men in the whole crowd. But we had a long long passage back to Noumea nothing but light winds and calms for weeks together half of the Frenchmen were bad with fever and some died and me and Mr. De Cann was right glad when the job was finished and the brig too is badly strained and will have to undergo a lot of repairs."

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Then, bidding Jack and his father good-night, the old captain went away, leaving them a prey to anxiety and torturing surmise about Tom.

Early on the following morning, Mr. Wallis went on board the *Malolo* for Captain Casalle, and returned with him to the hotel, where at ten o'clock they were joined by Captain Hawkins, and the three men at once went into the subject of the most likely course which would have been taken by Tom and his companions after leaving Fotuna.

"Fiji, of course, would be the nearest land," said Captain Casalle; "but, as Captain Hawkins says, they may not have left Fotuna at all, but have waited about till Hayes had sailed. If they had reached any part of Fiji, I should certainly have heard of them whilst I was there. In my opinion, they are at Fotuna still."

"Then I will charter the *Malolo* from you, Casalle, and we shall go there—"

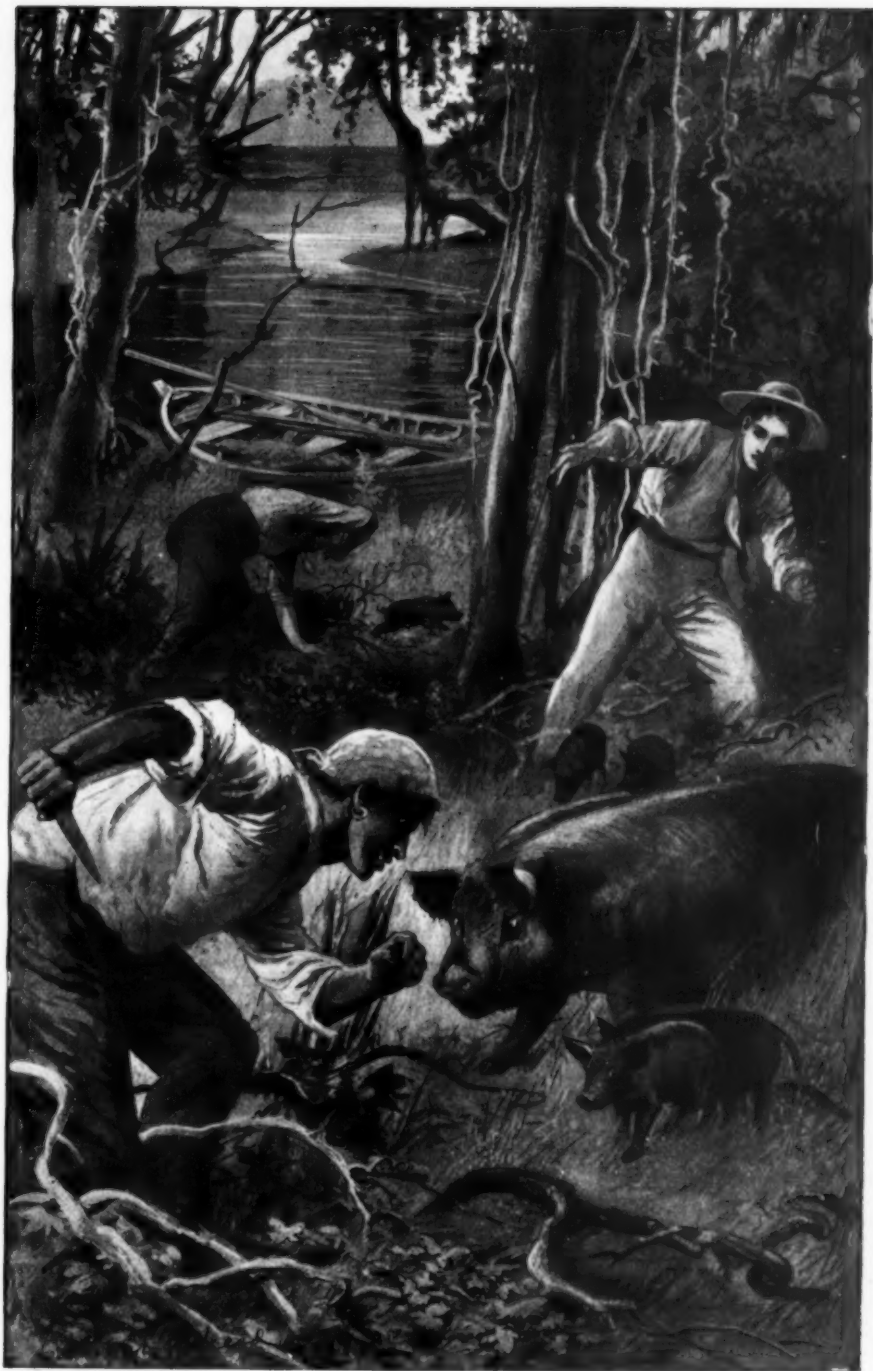
"There is no question of a charter, Mr. Wallis. The *Malolo* is your ship, not mine. I am at your service, and will be ready to sail in twenty-four hours."

"And as I told you sir last night," said old Sam, "me and my ship are yours for as long as you want us if harm has come to the boy it is through me."

"No, no, Captain Hawkins. Do not say that. You are in no way to blame. And I thank you very sincerely for your offer; but, as you see, the *Malolo* is ready for sea, while your ship has just come into port after a long and trying voyage, and needs repairs. So it must be the *Malolo*."

Before noon that day Mr. Brooker was informed of the decision arrived at, and he and Henry Casalle at once began to make the vessel ready for sea. A cabin was fitted up for Nita and her nurse, and another for Mr. Wallis and Jack, and in something under thirty hours everything was ready. That night the master of Kooringa wrote a long letter to old Foster, giving him full instructions as to what to do in his absence, and concluded by saying: "We may be away eight months or longer. If we cannot find Tom in six months I shall give up all hope of ever seeing him again."

Just before sunset on the following day a tug came alongside the *Malolo*, and by seven o'clock the beautiful vessel had gained an offing, and was heading eastward on her quest.



ON THE ISLAND OF ALOFA

Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

CHAPTER XV.—ON ALOFA ISLAND

A LITTLE before dawn broke, Tom was awakened from a heavy slumber by Maori Bill, and, sitting up, he saw that the boat was within a cable length of densely verdured Alofa, which, unlike its sister island of Fotuna, has no protecting barrier reef along its shore.

"There's a little bit of creek just here where we can fill our water breakers," said the Maori, "but I can't see it just yet. It will be a fine place for us to lie by in until to-night, and then slip out again."

Taking down the sail, they waited until the light became stronger, and then a little farther to the southward they saw a break in the thick foliage which grew to the water's edge.

Charlie, whose arm was not yet strong enough to use an oar in pulling, now came aft and steered, and Tom and Bill went to the oars. It was fortunately high water, and they were enabled to bring the boat not only into the mouth of the creek, but some fifty yards higher up, where she lay completely hidden from view under the thick and drooping foliage of the trees, and in pure fresh water.

Just as the boat was made fast, rain began to fall heavily, and Tom and his friends found excellent shelter between the buttresses of an enormous fallen *maso'i* tree, where they ate their breakfast in comfort and watched the descending torrents with complacency.

Maori Bill, as he filled his pipe, seemed well pleased. The place to which he had brought them was well known to him, though many years had passed since he had last seen it. The island of Alofa, he told his companions, had but one small village of half a dozen houses, situated on the northern point, where there were extensive plantations of yams, taro, sugar cane, and bananas, owned by the people of Fotuna. The rest of the island, though of extraordinary fertility, was left to solitude, except when a party of young men would visit it on a pig-hunting or pigeon-snaring expedition.

"Then there's no fear of any natives being about now," said Tom.

"No, but we must not make a fire. The smoke might be seen by some one. We can lie by here nice and comfortable all day, whether it rains or clears up," answered the Maori.

As he spoke a grunt sounded near him,

and in an instant he lay flat upon the leaves, motioning to Tom and Charlie to do likewise.

"It's a pig," he whispered, taking his knife out of its sheath.

The grunt was followed by squeaks, and presently a sow, followed by a litter of seven pretty black and yellow striped piglets, came down the side of the leaf-strewn hill, tossing up the leaves with their little snouts in search of *maso'i* berries.

"Let 'em get between us and the boat," said Bill to Tom. "I'll tackle the old sow; perhaps you can knock over one or two of the young ones."

Quite unsuspecting of danger, mother and children rooted their innocent way along till they were well between the water and the fallen tree. Then Bill leapt up and flung himself upon the sow, seized her by a hind leg, and thrice quickly drove his knife into her ribs; the progeny, with squeals of terror, scattered in all directions, some going up the hillside and others taking to the water like otters. Tom managed to secure one, which promptly bit him savagely on the hand; and Maori Bill jumped into the creek, and caught another, as it was swimming across.

"Don't kill them," he cried; "fresh pork for the boat."

Tearing off some bark from a sapling, Bill lashed the animals' feet securely together and carried them to the boat. They were both very plump, and yelled and squealed and bit vigorously. The sow was at once cut up by Tom, who was no novice at such work, for he had often lent a hand in the killing yard on his father's station, and soon the quarters were hung up to a branch.

After nine o'clock the rain ceased, the sun came out bright and warm, and the trade wind blew fresh and clear and brought with it the sweet earthy smell from the rain-soaked forest around and above them. Flock after flock of small but noisy green and gold and scarlet plumaged parrakeets came screaming down from the mountain-sides, and settled on the bushes which overhung the creek, and every now and then, with heavy flapping of wings and deep booming note, pigeons, singly and in pairs, lit in the branches of the loftier trees, to feed on the scarlet berries of the *maso'i* and *se'ase'a*.

Satisfied, from the absence of any paths along the mountain-side, that they were not likely to be disturbed by native visitors, and

Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

that the boat could not possibly be discerned from the sea, the three adventurers hauled her alongside of a smooth flat rock on the bank of the creek, and unloaded her. Everything was spread out to dry, and Tom was astonished at the number and variety of articles his companions had managed to smuggle away from the *Leonie*.

Bill smiled grimly. "That's the first time I've ever robbed anyone—if it is robbery. The steward helped me to get most of the provisions."

"Robbery!" said Charlie, "not a bit of it. There's a matter of about three hundred dollars due to me by Bully Hayes for wages which I shall never see."

"And I was to get a hundred from him with my discharge from Samoa," said Bill, "so that's four hundred dollars he'll be to windward."

"Let us reckon up the value of all this gear and see how we stand with Bully," said Charlie, with a grin. "Mr. Wallis, you do the figgerin', an' me an' Mr. Chester will do the valoo'in'. Now here goes, but as we hasn't any pens an' paper these will do."

He went down to the water's edge and returned with his cap full of small smooth pebbles, which he handed to Tom. Then, seizing a flour sack, which was full of various articles, he turned them out on the rock.

"Thirty-four tins of canned dog, called American meat. How much, Mr. Chester?"

"Half a dollar a tin."

"Half a dollar it is. Got that down, Mr. Wallis?"

"Yes," said Tom, "seventeen dollars"; and he counted out seventeen pebbles.

"Six bottles of pickles, two bottles of chutney, and two bottles of green things like plums, one bag of oatmeal, and a tin box of raisins; how much for that lot?"

Bill was not sure—"say ten dollars."

"Fourteen-pound box of 'Two Seas' tobacco—Mr. Chester, you has a right noble mind to think of it—three hanks twine, palm and sail needles, one box fish-hooks, four pair-dungaree pants, six dozen packets Swedish stinker matches, lot o' clay pipes all broken, three clasp-knives, and one tin o' mustard. How much?"

After a little discussion the lot was valued at forty dollars, and then the contents of the next bag were turned out; they consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit, some tins of German sausage, a rug belonging to Mr. Kelly, a bag of bullets, a fan-tail hatchet, a bundle of fishing-lines, a burning

glass, a Dutch cheese in a tin, ten boxes of percussion caps, and one bottle of Edinburgh ale.

"Put them down at twenty dollars, Mr. Wallis."

The next "lot" was rolled up in the steward's own blankets, and carefully seized round with spun yarn—three Snider carbines with three hundred or four hundred cartridges, the steward's own razor, glass, and comb, Tom's gun (that given him by the captain of the *Virago* at Noumea), some more tins of powder, caps, a bag of No. 3 shot, a bottle of one Kennedy's "Medical Discovery for the Cure of all Diseases," a bag of salt, a piece of New Zealand bacon, Mr. Harvey's revolver with case and fittings, a roasted fowl, and a sextant case without the sextant.

"About a hundred and fifty dollars will square that lot," said Maori Bill thoughtfully.

In addition to these items, the steward and Bill had casually picked up some unconsidered trifles in the trade room, such as bottles of brandy, a dozen tins of sardines and salmon, a bundle of tomahawks, some loose tobacco, and a German concertina, which were appraised at twenty dollars by Bill, who seemed anxious to give every article its full value.

"Two hundred and fifty-seven dollars," said Tom, counting his pebbles.

"Then there's the boat and all her gear complete—sails, oars, and compass," said Bill virtuously. "That's worth another hundred and fifty."

Charlie grinned and shook his head. "Don't count that in—the *Leonie* herself wasn't bought by Hayes. He found her. Found her in the Bonin Islands, when her captain and most of the afterguard was ashore drunk at a Portugee dance; and so, as he hadn't a ship himself, and was shocked at seeing such a fine brig being left in charge of a few Manila men sailors, he went aboard with a few of his friends—I was one of 'em—and lifted the anchor and went to sea to look for the owners. But he couldn't find the owners, though I've heard him say that he's just wearing out his life trying to find 'em, and has to go into nigger-catching to pay his expenses. No, you needn't set the boat down. Now, there we are: two hundred and fifty-seven dollars from four hundred."

"Leaves a hundred and forty-three," said Tom.

"That Bully Hayes owes us. Well, he

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owes a lot more to other people, so we'll forgive him our little bill," said Charlie, as he began laying the various articles out separately on the rock so as to dry in the sunshine.

Tom looked at the man in silence. He was tall and thin, with red hair, deep-set eyes, a square determined chin, and a set mouth scarcely veiled by a straggling moustache and ragged beard of the same hue as his hair. His face, on the whole, Tom thought, was not a taking one; but his voice was pleasant, though a cynical and reckless humour was ever noticeable in his speech. Suddenly he turned and caught Tom's eye, and his cheeks flushed. He stood up stiffly and put his hand in his trouser pocket.

"Look here, Mr. Wallis! Don't you think I run away from Bully Hayes and the *Leonie* for the sake of these"—he held out the ten sovereigns which Tom had given him the previous night, and then let them fall carelessly upon the rock—"I came with you and this man here because I was sick of the life I've led with Hayes for the past four years. Mind you, I'm not saying anything against the man. I like him. He did me a good turn when I was lying in gaol in Cape Town, and was as good as booked for ten years for smashing a man's—"

Bill strode forward and placed his brown hand over the sailor's mouth. "Shut up, Charlie, shut up, I tell you," he said in a savage whisper; "what does this boy want to hear 'bout the doings of men like you an' me. It won't do him no good, I tell you: an' I won't have it. I'm no better than you, Charlie. I've been in gaol for killing a man I didn't mean to kill, and I've suffered for it too. Don't let us talk 'bout such things—for the boy's sake."

The white sailor immediately collapsed. "Of course I won't. I'm not the man to shove my opinions on nobody, but Bully Hayes is not a bad sort."

"He's not—with his mauleys. But he's not a better man with them than I am with mine, Charlie. If you don't believe me, wait till we get to Fiji, and I'll thump you and any other three men one after another in the yard at Manton's Hotel—for nothing."

"Thank you, mister; you have a noble mind for trifles, as I said just now. But I take it for granted, and I'm sorry I spoke as I did before the boy. Now what about filling these water breakers?"

The Maori put both his huge hands on

the sailor's shoulders, and with a good-humoured smile forced him down upon the rock in a sitting posture. "You sit down there and let me do that. You mus' look out that you don't hurt your arm. We may have to pull a lot between here and Fiji. And while I am filling the water breakers, you can fix up some fishing-lines. We can catch some fish here before we leave, and after we have stowed the boat again I'll get a hundred or so of young drinking coco-nuts."

The remainder of the morning passed away pleasantly enough. Tom and Charlie, baiting their hooks with large fresh-water prawns, which were very plentiful in the creek, threw their lines out in the shallow water at its mouth, and soon caught some purple-scaled fish called by the natives *afulu*, and resembling English barbel in shape and size.

Meanwhile, Maori Bill, after replacing everything in the boat, and filling the water breakers, had walked along a narrow beach to where a grove of coco-nuts displayed their tempting fruit in great clusters. He ascended two or three trees, threw down a score or so of the young nuts from each, tied them together by tearing out a piece of each husk with his sharp teeth, and returned to the camp just as Tom and Charlie appeared with a string of fish and a huge soft-shell crab, which they had found lying in a weedy pool.

Bill's eyes glistened at the sight of the crab. "That's a beauty! Let me feel him. He weighs ten pound. What a pity we can't light a fire and cook him! But never mind, we'll cut him athwart ships and rub some salt into him when we do the pig. The fish we can dry in the boat. Now what about some dinner?"

With a tin of what Charlie termed "canned dog," but what was really excellent American beef, half a dozen biscuits, and some deliciously sweet young coco-nuts, the three made a hearty meal. Then the two men filled their pipes and discussed their coming voyage while roughly salting the pig.

"I couldn't get a chart of Fiji," said Bill, "as Bully had locked his door when he went ashore. But it doesn't matter a bit. We have only to steer a course between S. and S.S.W. to hit the north end of Fiji. If we can strike the Nanuku Passage I'll know my way right down to Levuka. They're a bad lot of natives in the northern part, but even if we have to land there we'll get along all right without fighting, as I talk

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Fiji well. I had a Fiji girl for wife once; she came from just that part—from a little island called Thikombia."

Just as they had finished salting the pork, and were about to stow the boat again, Charlie, looking up at the tree-tops, remarked that the wind seemed to have fallen very light "all of a sudden."

Bill was on the alert at once. "I'll have a look outside," and he walked down to the mouth of the creek from where he could have a good view of the sky and the sea horizon as well. He came back at a run.

"There's going to be a blow—a big blow from the eastward. Like as not it'll last for five days; three days for certain, anyway. We'll have to snug down here until it's over. Let's get the boat up as far as we can; there'll be a thundering big sea rolling right into the creek before night; heavy rain is coming too, and we'll have to house in and weather it out."

His suggestions were carried out as quickly as possible. Everything movable was first taken out of the boat, which was hauled still farther up the little creek, and the stores were carried up to the fallen tree and placed under its buttress, on the dry leaves which covered the ground. Then, leaving Charlie at the camp, Tom and Bill set off in search of fallen coco-nut branches to make a roofing; in an hour they had collected enough, and Bill at once set to work to make thatching, which he did with such speed and cleverness that Tom was lost in admiration at his resourcefulness. By four o'clock in the afternoon they had made the buttress of the fallen *maso'i* into a perfectly rainproof house, open to the westward, and protected at the back from the coming gale by the mighty trunk of the tree itself.

By this time the atmosphere had become intensely close and oppressive, and every now and then a warm gust of wind would sway the branches overhead; the calls of the forest birds had ceased, but vast numbers of ocean birds came flying in from seaward, filling the air with their hoarse screaming notes.

"It's coming presently," said Bill to Tom; "don't you hear the sea making a booming noise? It always does in these places when it is coming on to blow from the eastward. When the natives of the Tokelau¹ Islands

¹ The Union, Ellice, and Gilbert Islands are now generally termed "Tokelau" by the inhabitants of the eastern islands of Polynesia. Formerly, however, only the low-lying islands of the Union group were meant by the term.

hear the sea make that sound, they know it means heavy weather from the eastward or the northward, and always haul up their canoes and secure their houses from the *matagi afa*,² as they call it."

Before Tom could answer there came a droning, humming sound from the sea, and then a wild and deafening clamour as the first squall of the coming hurricane smote the island, and ripped and tore its way through the forest.

"That's the first lot," shouted Bill in Tom's ear; "now we'll get some rain, and after that another squall or two and more rain, and then it'll settle down to business properly, and blow like forty thousand cats yowling at once. I'm glad we put in here."

It certainly did settle down to business properly, for before another hour had passed the wind was blowing with almost hurricane force, and the sea was a succession of seething, foaming billows, which, dashing furiously against the eastern shore of the island, sent their spume and spray in a continuous misty shower, high up among the swaying and crashing branches of the trees half a mile inland.

Sitting under the shelter of the great tree, Tom and his comrades listened to the howling of the storm with feelings of the utmost serenity, for they were completely protected from its force.

"Let us light a fire," said Bill, picking up a tomahawk; "the smoke of fifty fires wouldn't be noticed now, and we can cook the pork and fish."

The dead tree itself furnished plenty of firewood, and presently Bill and Tom had cut quite a pile; then the former went to the shore with a bag, and returned with it half filled with large rough stones.

"I'll show you how we cook in the South Seas, Mr. Wallis," he said, as he turned out the stones and began to dig out a shallow hole in the soft soil just in front of their shelter. This done, he lit a fire in the centre of the hole, laid a lot of thick pieces of wood across, and then piled the stones on top.

Then as the fire blazed up and began to heat the stones, he and Charlie took the four quarters of pork, cut it up into smaller pieces, wrapped each portion in wide green leaves and placed them aside; the fish were simply disembowelled without being scaled, and then neatly parcelled round with coco-nut leaf, the crab being treated in the same manner. In the course of an hour the

² Hurricane.

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stones, at white heat, fell into the depression, and were spread out evenly by means of a stick, the pork and fish placed on them, and then the whole lot quickly covered up by layers of thick heavy leaves, on top of which again was placed a covering of loose soil.

Whilst waiting for the food to cook, Tom and the others made their way through the forest to the nearest point overlooking the sea. The sky was grey and sullen, and the sea, a mile or so out, presented an appalling aspect; immediately under the lee of the island it was not so bad, though every now and then great billows would come rolling in to the very mouth of the creek, as Bill had foretold. Fotuna Island, although the nearest point was but eight miles distant, was quite obscured from view, for, in addition to the salty spume which filled the air, there was a sharp driving rain.

"Bill," said Tom, "where should we be now if we had kept on in the boat?"

Bill shook his head. "We could only have done two things—either let her run before it, and most likely broach-to and capsize, or put out a sea anchor and tried to ride it out that way; but whatever we did we would have been carried away to the westward, and there's no land that way, except the New Hebrides—a matter of more than a thousand miles. I can tell you, sir, that it's lucky for us we left the *Leonie* without any water. If we had had water in the boat I should have kept on."

Returning to the camp before darkness set in, the oven was opened, and the three made another hearty meal by the light of a blazing fire. The two piglets were partially freed by being tethered with a bit of spun yarn to a hind leg. The boat was seen to, and then, spreading out the sail on the ground inside the hut, Tom and his comrades lay down and slept, undisturbed by the clamour of the sea and the moaning of the wind.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE ENDING OF THE BOAT VOYAGE

FOR the following two days, during which time the gale still blew with unabated force, Tom and his companions found that time did not hang idly on their hands. The Maori had discovered a patch of wild yams growing in the mountain forest, and whilst he dug, and Charlie carried them down to the camp to be baked in preparation for the voyage,

Tom was employed in shooting pigeons and *manutagi*, a species of ringdove, great numbers of which had been driven over to the lee side of the island by the storm.

On the afternoon of the third day, the wind hauled round to the south-east, and towards evening it blew with but moderate force; the sea went down rapidly, the sky cleared, and by dawn the ordinary gentle trade had set in, and a deeply blue ocean lay shining and sparkling in the bright and glorious sunshine.

It was decided at breakfast to make a start that evening just after sunset, when they could not possibly be seen by anyone on Fotuna. Charlie bluntly asserted that if Captain Hayes caught sight of their boat, he would give chase in the second whaler, "and then we'd have a mighty bad time. You, Mr. Wallis, would be all right, but me and Mr. Chester might as well jump overboard and let the blue sharks get us, as be taken back to the *Leonie* again. He's a passionate man, and doesn't stop at trifles. Me he'd either shoot at sight, or half murder me afterwards, during the voyage."

Immediately after breakfast, Bill started off to collect a few old coco-nuts to add to their already ample store of provisions, and Tom and Charlie remained at the camp to slaughter and cook the two captive piglets, and catch a few more fish; but hardly had they begun operations by lighting a fire, when Bill came running back.

"The *Leonie* is all right. She's just coming out of Singavi, and will most likely run past here. Put out that fire, quick, and come and look at her."

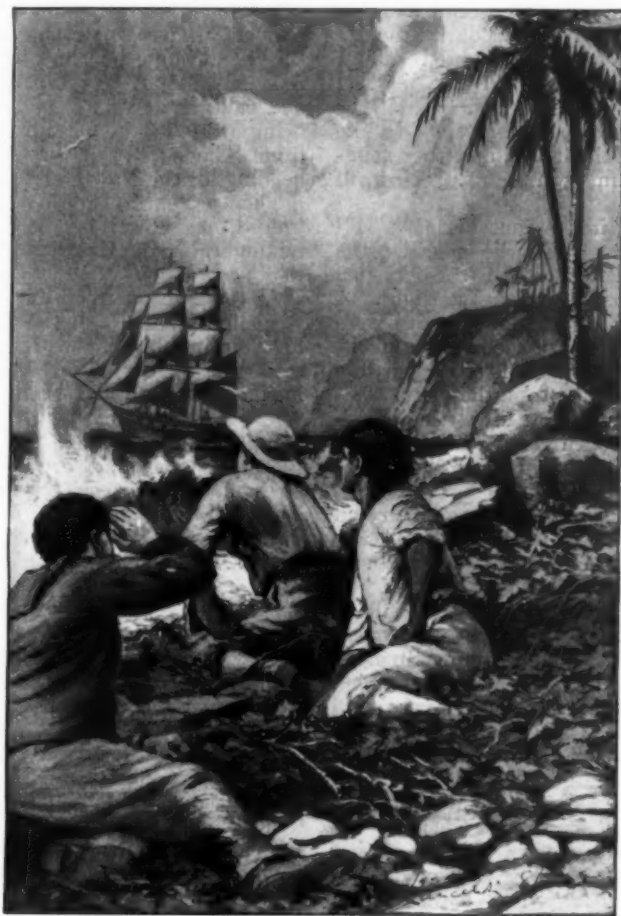
Walking through the forest to the mouth of the creek, they seated themselves on a vine-covered pile of loose boulders, and watched the brig approach. She was running before the wind, and in an hour was so close that many of her people could be recognised. Hayes was leaning on the rail smoking his inevitable cigar, and apparently having a good look at the shore; Mr. Kelly and the other officers were also visible, and a number of the "blackbirds" were squatted about on the main deck under the care of the usual armed guards. The brig was, of course, much deeper in the water now that she had more than a hundred tons of yams aboard, but she moved along very quickly; presently she hauled up a little so as to round the south point of Alofa, and the unseen watchers heard Hayes's voice for the last time as he called out, "Steady there, Manuel," to the man at

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the wheel. In another five minutes she had disappeared round the headland.

Then Bill turned to his companions, and said: "Now, Mr. Wallis, and you, Charlie, I would like to say a word. There goes the *Leonie*, and with her goes any danger to us if we decide to go back to Fotuna.

had a good boat, and provisions and water enough to last them a month; and that with ordinary fair weather they should reach the Fiji group in four days at the outside. Bill, who was tacitly understood to be captain, was also in favour of the voyage, and so the matter was decided.



THEY WATCHED THE BRIG APPROACH

Now what is it to be—shall we go back? Will you speak first, Mr. Wallis?"

"I vote for Fiji, Bill. I don't want to live on Fotuna for perhaps six months. My father and brother will give me up as dead when the *Lady Alicia* gets back to Sydney without me."

Charlie was equally as eager for the boat voyage, pointing out that it could be accomplished without danger; that they

By two o'clock in the afternoon everything was in readiness for a start, but Bill, suspicious that Hayes might imagine they were in hiding somewhere on one of the islands, and only be sailing round the coast to see if he could discover the boat, suggested that they should first make sure of the whereabouts of the *Leonie* by ascending the highest peak. This they at once set about to accomplish, and after an hour's

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arduous struggle succeeded in climbing to the summit, and from there obtaining a view of the horizon.

"We're all right," said Charlie; "there she is, I can just see her," and he pointed to a little white speck far away to the eastward; "she's off, sure enough."

After resting for a while, and enjoying the glorious view, they descended again and reached the camp just as darkness fell.

Opening a bottle, Bill poured out a drink each for himself and Charlie, and Tom opened a young coco-nut.

"Here's success to our voyage, sir," he cried, tossing off the liquor, and then sending the shell spinning in the air. "Now, all hands aboard."

Tom jumped in, got out his oar; Bill followed, and, with Charlie steering, the boat was pulled out of the tree-darkened little creek into the bright starlight. A hundred yards from the shore the oars were taken in, the boat lamp, used as a binnacle, lit, the mainsail and jib hoisted, and with a loud Hurrah! from Tom, the little craft was headed S.S.W. with Bill at the tiller—she was steered with either a rudder or a steer oar, the latter being used when there was a strong breeze only.

The night was warm, the breeze fair and with plenty of heart in it, and the three comrades were all more or less excited and disposed to talk, and made light of the really venturesome voyage before them. Presently Charlie, to Tom's astonishment, began to sing a catching air in Spanish, learnt when he had served in the Chilean navy years before, and Bill, usually so grim and taciturn, joined in the chorus with his deep guttural tones.

"Hallo, Bill!" cried the white sailor, dropping the "Mr. Chester," "wherever did you learn this old *yamacueca* jingle?"

"Long, long ago, when I was boat-steerer on the *Prudence Hopkins*, a New Bedford ship. We had a lot of Chileno hands aboard, and they were always singing it. Now let's quit fooling a bit, and fix up 'bout watches."

This was soon arranged, and then Bill told Charlie and Tom his plans in detail. He hoped to be able to make the Great Ngele Levu lagoon, remain there for a few days, and then sail across to the island of Rambi, where they were almost sure to find a trading cutter or schooner bound to Levuka; if not, then he would keep on, passing between Taviuni and Vanua Levu, and then head direct for Levuka, where

they were certain to meet with a Sydney or New Zealand vessel.

All that night the boat ran before a steady breeze, and at daylight Fotuna and Alofa were fifty miles astern, and there was nothing to break the wide expanse of the ocean around them except a few wandering sea-birds floating upon its bosom. As the sun rose higher, the wind gained in strength without the sea increasing, and the boat slipped through the water in gallant style. A keen look-out was kept astern; for, as Bill said, there was a possibility of their being overtaken by a trading vessel bound from Samoa to Fiji, or a "blackbirder" heading for the New Hebrides.

Then, as near to eight o'clock as could be judged, the Maori lay down to sleep till midnight, leaving Charlie to steer and Tom to act as "crew."

As the night wore on the wind fell somewhat lighter, and both the white sailor and his youthful companion found it hard to resist the feeling of drowsiness which the insidious warmth and beauty of the night was weaving around them.

"Charlie," said Tom, "if you will hold the sheet for a minute or two, I'll go for'ard, strip off, and souse some water over myself. I can't keep awake."

Charlie nodded. "Right you are, sir, but it's hardly worth while now. I think it must be about eight bells, and time to call the skipper."

Passing the mainsheet over to him, Tom picked up the bucket used as a bailer, stepped over the mast thwart to the bows, and began to strip, when Charlie sprang to his feet.

"I say, sir, here's a ship close to!" And then his voice rang out loudly—

"*Ship ahoy!*"

The Maori was up in an instant, his seaman's eye took one quick glance at the dark towering mass of canvas not two hundred yards away, and almost right abeam. Seizing the tiller from Charlie, he called out sharply, "'Bout ship, in with the mainsheet there; she's close hauled and we'll catch her up in no time. Give another hail, Charlie. Mr. Wallis, take this lamp, stand up for'ard and sway it; hold it up as high as you can."

Round went the boat, and then to their intense delight, at Charlie's second hail, and as Tom swayed his light, an answering cry came from the ship.

"Boat ahoy there! We see you," followed by the rattle and squeaking of

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blocks as the ship's braces were let go, and her main yard swung back. Then a bright light was shown from the weather mizzen rigging, and a voice hailed—

"Are you able to come alongside? I've lost three of my boats, and the other two are badly damaged."

"Yes, thank you," answered Bill, as he and Charlie lowered the mast and sail, "we'll pull alongside."

Ten minutes later, Tom and his companions were standing on the deck of the barque *Adventurer* of New Bedford, Captain Frank Herrendeen, a typical American whaling skipper, who received them very kindly, his first question being whether they were hungry.

"No, sir," replied Tom, who, at Bill's suggestion, acted as spokesman; and then, in a few words as possible, he told their story, adding, "We have suffered no hardships whatever since we left the island, and were making for Fiji. Where are you bound for, captain?"

"Fotuna Island; won't that suit you?" he inquired, noticing the look of disappointment on their faces.

"The fact is, sir, I have a very strong reason for wishing to get to Fiji or some place where I can find a ship as quickly as possible," said Tom, who then gave his reasons.

"Well, don't decide in a hurry. Come below and let us have some talk. Mr. Burr, don't hoist in these men's boat; put a hand in her to steer and then veer her astern. She'll tow nicely enough in such weather as this until daylight."

As soon as they entered the well-lighted cabin, the captain motioned them to seats, and then, as his eye fell on the dark features of the Maori half-caste, he uttered an exclamation of pleasure. "Why, it's William Chester, as sure as I'm Frank Herrendeen! How are you, William?" and rising, he shook hands warmly with Bill, saying to Tom, "Why, this man was boat-steerer with me when I was mate of the *Prudence Hopkins* seven years ago."

The steward brought the three men liquor and cigars, and Tom a cup of hot coffee, and then the skipper of the whaler went into the subject uppermost in his mind at once.

"Now look here. I don't want to induce you three to do anything against your wills, but I'd be mighty glad if you'd give the word and let me have that boat of yours hoisted on deck. I'm in a tight place, and

that's the truth of it, and I'd like you to help me. We had a heavy blow a few days ago, lost five men overboard—my fourth mate was one—and the ship started a butt end and is leaking—you'll hear the pumps going presently. Two of my boats were swept away one after another, and it was while endeavouring to secure the third that the fourth mate and four of the hands were carried overboard; the ship was thrown on her beam ends at the same time, and the poor fellows were never seen again. So that is why I should like you to give up the idea of going to Fiji—to be right out plain with you, I want to buy your boat. I'll give you two hundred dollars for her; and if you, William, will take a fourth mate's berth, I'll be mighty pleased."

Bill shook his head. "I can't do it, captain. I've pledged my word to Captain Hawkins to stick to Mr. Wallis here, and I can't go back on it. If you were not cruising, but were bound to a port where me and Mr. Wallis and Charlie here could strike a ship going to Australia, it would be different."

The master of the whaler jumped to his feet. "But I'm not cruising exactly, William. I'm going to make Fotuna to heave the barque down and try and get at the leak, and pick up some hands in place of those I've lost; then I'm going to Samoa to land a couple of passengers (I'll tell you all about them presently), and at Samoa you and this young man can get a passage to either Sydney or New Zealand easy enough. You'll reach Australia from Samoa just as quick as you can from Fiji. Come, William, just study it out. I do want that boat of yours real bad. I haven't one I can lower if we raise a whale. And a boat may mean a lot to me between here and Samoa."

Bill looked at Tom, and Tom at Bill. The skipper's anxious face appealed to them both.

"I think we can get to Sydney sooner by going on to Fiji, Captain Herrendeen," said Bill bluntly, "there is more chance of a Sydney ship to be met with there than in Samoa. But if Mr. Wallis is willing for us to—"

As he was speaking, one of the cabin doors on the port side opened, and a woman's soft voice said—

"Can I help in any way, Captain Herrendeen? Solepa tells me that you have picked up a boat with some shipwrecked men. I was fast asleep. Shall I dress and come out?"

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The captain got up out of his seat and went to the door. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Casalle; the men are all right. Good-night."

With eyes gleaming with excitement, Tom sprang to the captain's side just as the door was shut.

"Casalle—Mrs. Casalle! Did you say Casalle, sir?" he said, "of the *Bandolier*?"

"Yes, Casalle—that is the lady's name. She and her servant are my passengers. Her husband's ship was the *Bandolier*, and ran on to Middleton Reef and nearly all hands were lost——"

"No, they were not," Tom shouted: "Captain Casalle and a lot of his men and his little girl came to Port Kooringa in a boat. I saw them—I saw them, captain, I tell you. They came to our house. They——"

Herrendeen raised his hand tremblingly. "Steady, my boy, steady, for God's sake! She's a poor little weak sort of thing, and this news might kill her right out. Are you certain?"

"I am certain, captain," replied Tom with an irrepressible sob of joy; "I am certain—Captain Casalle! the *Bandolier*! and all the rest of it! There can be no mistake. He told Foster and I that his wife was drowned with the second mate, two men, and a Samoan girl."

Captain Herrendeen's voice quavered as he put out his hand to Tom. "Say, let us tell it to her quietly. William, and you, mister, just go on deck awhile."

The Maori and Charlie at once went on deck, and left Tom and Captain Herrendeen alone. The captain sat down with his hand to his brow for a minute or so, and then looked at Tom with a strange smile on his face.

"I've been dreaming, my boy, but it's all ended now; and I'm glad, real glad."

He rose from his seat and tapped gently at the cabin door from which the woman's voice had issued. "Mrs. Casalle," he called softly, "will you dress and come out? I have some real downright good news for you."

"Good news, Captain Herrendeen," said the same musical voice Tom had heard before; "I think I know what it is—you have found the leak, and we are bearing away for Samoa."

"Better than that, Mrs. Casalle," said the captain, turning to Tom with a smile; "just you come out, quick."

There was a murmur of two female voices; then the cabin door opened, and a

little pale-faced, dark-haired woman came out, followed by a young native girl.

"What is your good news, Captain Herrendeen?" she said with a faint smile, as she bowed to Tom, who, boy-like, was too confused to speak for the moment.

"Sit down here, Mrs. Casalle," and the captain led her to a seat; "this young man here will tell you something that will do your heart good—something—now just you sit here beside me; and there . . . hold on. Now, young fellow——"

Tom, trying to conceal his nervousness, and yet look dignified at the same time, came forward and took her hand.

"Mrs. Casalle, I am Tom Wallis. Captain Casalle and your little girl are safe. They came to Port Kooringa in one of the boats belonging to the *Bandolier*."

She looked at him in a half-dazed sort of way, and then fainted off quietly into Captain Herrendeen's arms.

"She'll be all right presently. Here, bear a hand, Solepa," said the captain, as he carried her back into her own cabin. "I guess you know what to do better than me."

"Oh, yes, I know, I know," answered the native girl quickly: "she have faint like this plenty of time. You can go, sir. She will soon get better now with me."

Leaving Mrs. Casalle with her attendant, the captain returned to the main cabin.

"Now, Mr. Wallis, you'll have to sit up and keep me company for an hour or two, until the poor little woman feels better.—Steward, get a spare bunk ready for Mr. Chester; and let the red-haired man turn in here until breakfast time."

"You have made up your mind that we're going to Fotuna with you, then, captain?" said Tom with a smile.

"Of course I have; and of course you have too? Come, a day or two won't matter much to you, and during that time I'll have talked you round, and got you to come on to Samoa with me. You have just saved the little woman's life, and she'll want to talk to you for about a week, anyway. Come, promise me."

Neither Tom nor Bill could refuse such a request, and then presently the captain, putting his hand on the former's shoulder, asked him if he was too tired to tell him about the rescue of the captain of the *Bandolier*.

"Not a bit," answered Tom; "and then I want to know how Mrs. Casalle was saved. I heard her husband say that she,

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the second mate, two seamen, and the nurse were all drowned."

"Only one hand was drowned. Mrs. Casalle, the second mate, the Samoan girl, and the other sailor managed to cling on to the swamped boat, which they succeeded in clearing of water after a while. They drifted about all night, and about seven o'clock in the morning found themselves quite close to Elizabeth Reef. They had no oars but by breaking up the bottom boards of the boat they managed to get on shore, lived there on birds' eggs for nearly a week, and there I found them. Then I sailed to and examined Middleton Reef, but found no trace of any other survivors. She and the girl have been with me ever since, waiting to get back to Samoa; the second mate and man are with me too."

At sunrise Solepa, the native girl, whose brown face was radiant with smiles, came on deck.

"If you please, captain, will this gentleman come now and talk to her. She is better."

Tom went below and found Mrs. Casalle waiting for him. She was deathly pale, but tried hard to speak calmly.

"You are sure, quite sure," she said tremblingly, as she grasped Tom's hand convulsively; "my husband and my child! You saw them?"

Pitying her intensely, Tom told her the whole story. She did not faint again—only laid her head on Solepa's bosom and wept tears of joy and thankfulness.

Just as Tom rose to leave her, the native girl beckoned him to come back.

"Did you see any Samoa men in that boat, sir?" she asked quietly. "I did have



SHE FAINTED OFF INTO THE CAPTAIN'S ARMS

my brother on board. His name was Salu. I 'fraid he was drown'."

"There were thirteen men in the boat," said Tom, "but I cannot tell you if any of them were Samoans. There were only three or four white men, though; so very likely your brother was there. I hope so," he added kindly.

Solepa smiled sadly. "I hope so. But if he is drown' I will not cry no more now, for we shall see the captain and little Nita again."

(To be continued.)



The Return

A MILE or more through the blossoming
wheat,

Across the common another mile
(The heather is soft to weary feet),

Then over the rustic stile:

When the spirit is heavy the footstep lags—
There's a mile at least of the grass-grown
flags

Of the up-hill village street;
The children shrink—do I look so wild?

Dusty, travel-stained, tanned, and scarred—
Was I ever an innocent child?

The way of Transgressors is hard!

Gleaming and straight lies the road before,
'Twas always the steepest bit to climb;

A woman peers out from her open door
As Curfew begins to chime:

Nay, good-wife, though you look askance
At the tramp that passes with downcast
glance,

We have both met here of yore!
I had my day, like you and the rest,
A beautiful thing I spoilt and marred—
What has life been but a sorry jest?

The way of Transgressors is hard!

The street turns off to the left and right,
By the carpenter's shop and the "Royal
George";

I can see the glow of the ruddy light
From the blacksmith's quaint old forge:
There's the same brown gate by the violet-bed—
Ah, me! shall I really rest my head
'Neath the old house-roof to-night?

The latch is as rusty as rusty can be—
Is the watch-dog asleep in the stone-pav'd
yard?

I thought he at least would have welcomed me—
The way of Transgressors is hard!

The moss on the gravel is thick and green,
The garden's a waste of lovely bloom—
I shall feel at peace when I once have seen
The lights in the outer room:

Yet the windows a sullen darkness keep.
Not a creature stirs; are they all asleep
In their chambers white and clean?

The ivy taps eerily 'gainst the pane
As I knock at the door that my own hand
barred—

Can the dead unlock it for me again?
The way of Transgressors is hard!

Wearily back the road one came

To an empty world and an empty life;
Only oneself to curse and blame—

Nay, I know it now, good-wife!
Yonder the starry daisies grow
O'er the two who trusted and loved me so,
That I brought to sorrow and shame:

Lord! Thou didst take a sinner's part
When she brought her spices of balm and nard—
Have pity once more on a broken heart,
For the way of Transgressors is hard!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

In the Serra da Estrella

BY CHARLES EDWARDES, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CRETE," "SARDINIA AND THE SARDES," ETC.



ONE OF THE ESTRELLA BOULDERS

IN Ceia, which nestles under the chestnut woods on the north-western slopes of the Estrella range, they tried to persuade me that I need not be in such a hurry. But I was proof against their gentle arguments. I remembered my experiences of a year ago, when, having approached these purple mountains at some inconvenience from the north, the weather suddenly turned furious: a south-west wind and torrents of rain for days in succession sent me back to Lisbon crestfallen and baffled. Things looked more auspicious on this June evening of 1898. The wind was from the north, and, riding towards Ceia from the Mondego valley, I had seen such of the Estrella summits as were visible. The spots of snow on them were a mere nothing, and the sky was cloudless.

All I required was a guide, a horse, and the necessary provisions and blankets for a

night in the open. The stout landlady of the Ceia inn was at length persuaded. Then, with considerable speed, for Portugal, a dirty youth was procured, some meat, cheese, bread, biscuits, and wine were heaped together in a sack and flung over the boy's shoulders, and he and I set out for the village of S. Romão, a couple of miles above. S. Romão was to be the real place of equipment. It was a cheerful ascent, by an excellent road, through the woods, to this village, with the cuckoos calling in the evening sunshine and a lurid mist setting in nicely over the vast horizon west and north. I was glad once more to rise into sight of those fine mountains of Caramullo, forty miles or so to the north. Their outline is more attractive than that of the Serra da Estrella, though in every other respect they are inferior to the latter range.

S. Romão proved to be an eminently

In the Serra da Estrella

picturesque jumble of smoke-blackened stone houses in narrow streets clinging to the mountain-side, with rocks, bushes of yellow broom, and cascading water just above it. The number of young women here was astounding. They were factory girls, employed in the flannel works higher up, where the Estrella waterfalls turn huge wheels. Pretty girls, too, and not shy: they complained loudly because I forgot Portuguese manners so far as not to lift my hat to every woman-Jill of them, with the stereotyped salutation of the hour.

"Tell them," I said to the boy, a fluent rogue, "that it is not the custom in my country for a gentleman to be so free with ladies."

"But it is the custom in Portugal," came back the ready response of one of the pertest of the black-eyed girls; and the others showed also that they were by no means reconciled to the defects in my bringing up.

In the streets of this curious village we interviewed divers persons who might be thought capable of guiding a party into the mountains. One by one, however, they made excuses. There was too much snow; there was the hay to get in; this man's horse was lame, and this other was restrained from the enterprise by his wife. In short, S. Romão's chimney-pots had a background of flame-coloured western sky and I was getting desperate when the business was eventually settled. The postmaster himself was to be the guide, the horse was to be furnished by a young gentleman of the village, who seemed glad of the pretext to visit for the first time in his life the great mountains that towered upwards from his father's back door, and I was to sleep as this young gentleman's guest.

My hosts were excessively amiable, and I shall long remember the civilities of one of the pretty girls of the house; she insisted, for one thing, in the most fascinating way, that I should sup liberally on sweet Malaga wine and rich biscuits. Her younger sisters, their mother, and two or three other folks were busy on the floor making garish artificial flowers for the church altar. The father, a stalwart *proprietario*, strode in and shook my hand, and strode out again. There were two offensively loud long-bodied clocks in the room; and the multifarious chatter of the streets came in at the open windows to mingle with the innocent domestic prattling.

The night that followed was not worthy of a house that held such kind hearts. I was stuffed into a mean little chamber opening from this common room. There was just space for a bed, a chair—and the insects that were inevitable in such surroundings. The sweet Malaga wine and rich biscuits, these same insects, the sense of environing uncleanness, and the clamorous clocks made sleep impossible. It is an odd thing in Portuguese houses that they should so often compel their clocks to strike the hour twice over. Here I found eleven o'clock so much of a jar to the brain—forty-four metallic bangs—that I resolved not to endure the announcement of midnight. Having tossed for another half-hour, I groped towards the clocks and stopped them both. But even that relief did not make for sleep, and I was glad indeed when at sunrise outer movements gave me an excuse to abandon my bed.

The good people were mystified by the behaviour of their great clocks. I, however, kept a stolid countenance while I drank my coffee and milk, and assented to all the propositions for extra victualling made by Antonio, the owner of the horse. Antonio's pretty sister was kinder than ever. It was due to her solicitude that a pair of spotless sheets, with large worked monograms, were included in the poor horse's cargo. She put a hand on my knee while she asked a variety of questions about England; and it required great effort to refuse more of the sweet Malaga wine, which she would fain have had me drink after the coffee.

"God be with you, cabalheiro!" she said, when it was time to mount and away. May the same comfort be hers, as long as she lives!

It was about five o'clock when we made the start. S. Romão was by then wide-awake. A company of laughing and yawning factory-girls in clean white blouses climbed the rugged lane with us to the flannel mills; they had many jests for Master Antonio, and some warnings too. It diverted me when, at their request, he asked me if I carried a pistol, and eagerly proclaimed to them, to their evident relief, that I was wholly unarmed.

"I trust myself to you," I said.

Hearing which, Manoel, the postmaster guide, turned solemnly and assured me that I also had nothing to fear.

"They are rascals in Ceia," he said, "but all in S. Romão are honest."

Manoel's personal appearance was

In the Serra da Estrella

slightly in his disfavour. He had but one eye, and that of the furtive kind. As a government official, however, it seemed to me that he could not but be a responsible person; and there was something exhilarating in his dignity as he marched ahead in yellow leather bluchers, with his long iron-shod alpenstock, taking a business-like stride at each step.

By the mills, amid the roar of the crystal waters that gushed over the higher rocks upon the wheels, we saluted the girls and diverged. The air was very cool, though there was a promising flow of sunshine on

gradually as we skirted the slopes, which terrace one above another in a way that is rather exasperating. We clashed with several flocks of the black Estrella sheep, attended by wiry shepherds and large dogs of a cross between the mastiff and the colley. These dogs somewhat resented our apparition. They are supposed to be well qualified to tackle singly the wolves which have their lairs in that glorious green upland glen, the Valle do Conde, but it may be taken for granted that they have little chance nowadays of proving their mettle in this particular. The man who



MY THREE GUIDES AT A SPRING

the prodigious landscape below us. By-and-by it would be hot; as it was, the yellow broom, the granite blocks studding the green lower Serra, and the purple atmosphere were good for the eyes.

The conventional route to the summit from Ceia is through S. Romão and up the valley of the Alva to the lakes. My programme was a larger one. I wished to visit the famous observatory more to the east, and also see the huts to which phthisical patients are despatched by the most enlightened of Portugal's doctors. Hence for an hour or two we rose very

goes wolf-hunting in the Estrella will be lucky if in a week he gets a couple of shots at such quarry. They are, however, magnificent animals, if one may judge from the stuffed specimens in the University Museum at Coimbra and the live ones in confinement at the Oporto Crystal Palace. The dogs were disappointing. One sees better specimens in Beira.

It was a trifle tame to descend, as we did, after some three hours, to the straight white road which climbs across the Estrella from Gouveia to Manteigas, calling at the observatory. Portugal is not now great in

In the Serra da Estrella

many enterprises. She deserves, therefore, all the credit possible for her roads. This one is the outcome of the national expedition of research in the Estrella in 1881. It is of little use except to victual the scientific and suffering exiles in the Valle das Egoas, yet a coach and four might use it, and a cyclist would delight in it. We found it a suffocating experience; the sun's refraction from its hard snow-white surface made us gasp. But there was compensation in the ice-cold streamlets which here and there were crossed, over neatly engineered bridges. We were among the sources of the classic Mondego—for aught we knew treading upon the molten mass of gold which has for centuries supplied the lower Mondego with spicules enough to keep hope keen in many human breasts. Charming indeed was one of these Mondego springs. It gushed from a little dell of bracken, crimson heather, and tall white-belled heath—all enclosed by the huge granite boulders which are the life and soul of the Estrella.

But now, with a quick broadening of the green and purple landscape far away to the east, including the castle keep of Guarda seven leagues distant, we came to a pathetic little plantation of pines and cistus in this dry granite wilderness, and, at a turning of the mountain-side, a galvanised iron roof gleamed. We were face to face with the majestic a few minutes later. Having passed from the north to the south frontier of the Estrella, we were here on the very edge of the range. A chasm was at our feet, with the russet roofs of Manteigas at the bottom of it, two thousand feet beneath us, and into this chasm the remarkable road could be seen zigzagging down, down, until it lost itself. Beyond were the gay heather-

crimsoned mountains, amid which the river Zezere rushes in its impetuous infancy. And beyond again, and framed by these mountains where they parted, was Spain for many a league, misty blue and green and grey, with phantom hills of her own. This outlook was so alluring that for a time the houses and inhabitants of the sublime perch were as nothing at all.

We were here about 4,600 feet above sea level, in a cool air and under a burning sun. On a granite knoll overlooking the Manteigas abyss stood a man in a long great coat and with a white umbrella above his head. He watched our movements as we freed the much-enduring horse from its burden of provisions and bedding. At first he seemed the sole occupant of the five or six red-and-white cottages dotted about among the boulders. Soon, however, a couple of telegraphists came forth to gossip. They told us what the weather was in Lisbon, and such other news as had reached them by wire that day. And they proclaimed the entire dullness of life in this Davos of Portugal, without a hotel, a doctor, or the rudiments of public entertainment. Also, they proclaimed its salubrity.

The gentleman in the overcoat now joined us. He was the one consumptive patient of the Estrella then undergoing cure. For a year he had isolated himself on this lonely, magnificent, dust-dry plateau. His appearance was that of a man in the best of health until he lifted a hand and showed the finger-nails of the phthisic. His sole companion was one of the powerful Estrella dogs, a fine brute who growled at our cavalcade and would not be persuaded that we were harmless. This gentleman was not sanguine about himself, but he was perfectly resigned to his fate, good or evil. When we left him he returned to his superb eyrie, and an hour afterwards, looking backward, we could still see him solitary under his umbrella gazing towards Spain.

These houses of the Estrella are somewhat remarkable. They are mostly built between monstrous blocks of granite. The best specimen is that of Cæsar Henriques, which is also the oldest of them. It was here that Senhor Henriques in 1883 so snugly entertained the party of which Dr. Martins was the chief prospective member. All Portugal knows and respects the name of Dr. Martins—the man who refused a peerage of Portugal because he preferred to



A HOUSE AT THE HEALTH STATION

In the Serra da Estrella

be a mere "medico," and who, after labouring so hard to convince his country that a sanatorium on a large scale ought to be erected in the Estrella, was himself attacked by consumption, and, after a prolonged

between us and the sun, and a spring bubbling from beneath the granite. Our provisions were not in a very palatable condition, nor the best of their kind, but the Estrella air made up for that. Indeed, the



THE DARK LAKE

sojourn in this germless air, died of the disease. Dr. Martins was greatly impressed by the house of Cæsar Henriques. Thanks to the Cyclopean thickness of the granite masses which form its walls, and to the shrewd way in which sand, rubble, and cement are applied to close the apertures between the blocks, the interior variation of temperature is only about two degrees in the twenty-four hours. Outside, however, it is bound to be very different. On such a site the wind must at times be terrific. This is the chief drawback to the place.

It was surprising to see a few fields of corn here in the hollows among the houses; less surprising to behold a brace of partridges scurry from one of the fields. Later we roused more partridges, and towards sunset the cry of cuckoos was constant. But by then my preconceived notions about the Estrella had been considerably maltreated. Meanwhile, we camped on a delightful little grassy knoll, with a lump of granite as big as a house

boy ate so perseveringly that he had to be stopped. Then came an hour's rest, with pipes and sleep.

The horse had eaten nearly half of one of the small fields of rye when we started afresh. No one objected. Indeed, only the poor fellow under the umbrella was visible to object. Him we left behind as we pushed on towards the Penhas Douradas, certain bronzed pyramidal hills of granite which guard the entrance to the Valle do Conde. But before passing these we looked with interest first at the melancholy sight of two parallel rows of granite columns, and then at one of the very emphatic beauties of the Estrella. The columns were the beginning of a hospital, since abandoned "for lack of money." This is the apology for much remissness in poor Portugal, and the pity is that the excuse must be respected. Better than the hospital in embryo was the lovely little outcrop of variegated quartz on a low hill crest. The amethystine, rose-pink, and yellow hues of this crystal quartz must be

In the Serra da Estrella

seen to be believed. Even the horse seemed struck by them, though perhaps he was only anxious about the extra weight of the specimens that were thrust upon him.

For a league now we were on level ground, with the summit ridge close to our left, a continuous wall of granite about a thousand feet high. Juniper and grass and pellucid streams occupied the valley; also granite blocks and sheep, shepherds and dogs. The farther we advanced the more trouble these granite masses gave us, until at length, at the western end of the valley, we halted in an amazing wilderness of naked stone. Beneath us, about fifteen hundred feet down, gleamed one of the Estrella lakes, the Cumprida, or Long One.

Here we left the tired animal. The ascent to the Lagõa Escura, or Dark Lake, up the wall of the main ridge, was rough for us, impossible for the quadruped. It was hand-and-foot work, and without the welcome juniper bushes to clutch some of the smooth granite slopes would have been distinctly bad to traverse. At about four hundred feet up we touched a level, scrambling across which we looked down at the black shining waters of this impressive pool. The granite cliffs fall into it precipitously for the greater part of its circuit.

The Lagõa Escura is about 5,250 feet above the sea, and the highest of the three chief lakes of the Estrella. There are legends told of it, as truthful as most legends. It is said to smell and taste of the sea, occasionally to vomit up a fragment of a wrecked ship, and to forbode storms with roars of discomfort; also to be bottomless. Of course this is all nonsense, save, perhaps, the voice breathed by the wind across its dark pool at the birth of a hurricane. There is no more palatable water in all the Estrella range than this of the Dark Lake. At the same time, the lake is admirably adapted to beget stirring fancies; and the man who should chance to see it in its utter stillness under the stars will hardly leave it unmoved.

By the time we had rejoined the horse the night was within hail. On all hands frogs cluttered in the wet hollows, and the vast landscape beneath us grew fantastic under the changing colours. I left my three friends to fix up our lodging between certain of the granite blocks, and from another granite block, amid a deafening chant of the frogs, beheld the pageant of sunset. Below was the Lagõa Cumprida, steely now instead of forget-me-not blue,

its capes and islets like inkblots in the paling radiance. The golden green of the juniper against the granite shone as the sky crimsoned, and the snow spots on the blackened granite of the ridge were as if illumined by hidden moonlight. Best thing of all in the horizon glow of crimson and sulphur yellow was the Caramullo Serra. Their crests held the red sunlight longest, and then purpled divinely.

When this show ended I returned to the camp, guided by the column of blue smoke from the juniper fire. It was cold enough for the fire, too. Wolves were quite a secondary consideration. Juniper-twigs made springy couches for us while we ate our sodden and simple fare, and lamented that the victualling had not been on a more generous scale. A few more eggs would have been better than the cigarettes on which the postmaster had lavished no less than 800 reis, if his statement was to be believed.

Still, it was a light-hearted meal, with a good deal of horseplay between Manoel and the boy. If only the latter had been a little more cleanly! It was said of him that he had never washed, and it could not have been much of a lie.

Cards set in with the post-prandial cigarettes, and they were playing their keenest (the boy cheating with the skill of established habit) when I went to my bed. This was really a charming thing in camp beds, thanks to the spotless sheets and the supply of blankets. But by-and-by I woke in a state of heat and compression that was not to be endured. My three friends had packed themselves between the same sheets, and obligingly given me the warmest place in the middle. Not without much muscular effort could I wriggle out of this situation. The garlic and grease with which Manoel was saturated, postmaster though he was, made an odour in the pleasant heat that was incredibly bad, and the thought of the boy's uncomely bare feet was also stimulating. The rest of the night I spent sitting by the fire, looking at the stars and rolled up in the thickest of the blankets lifted from the bed. There was a heavy dew; my Murray's guide-book was as if its upper cover had been dipped in water when I took it from the rock on which it had been left at the mercy of the wolves. And withal it had frozen sharply, as the new ice on the still pools a little higher soon proved.

Ere the dawn broke I was interested in

In the Serra da Estrella

the full, round, single note of a bird, which cut the quietude under the stars; even the frogs had gone to sleep.

"It is the mouth of the day—*bocca da dia*," said Manoel, when I asked him about it. He and I then sat by the fire until the eastern horizon was a brilliant line of flame, and the snow-flecked ridge had taken to itself a charming mantle of pale violet. His surprise when he missed me from the bed was extreme; from my nook in the juniper, with a granite rock for a pillow, I watched him grope among the bedclothes. He was relieved to hear me hail him. When he saw also that the horse was still patiently standing in the grass by the frog-infested little marsh just below us he was satisfied. He lit a cigarette, woke the boy, and mentioned breakfast.

We started afresh in nipping cold, and through the soaked grass. To his exuberant disgust, the boy was left in charge of the horse. He too, like Antonio, had never before been on the Serra, and wished to see everything. But he was not a lad to excite sympathy, and we left him storming, to bear his disappointment as best he could. He consoled himself by devouring most of the edible fragments that remained in the haversacks, so that upon our return for more breakfast we were no better off than Mother Hubbard's immortal dog.

We were for the summit now—a simple if cold enterprise at such an hour. We had but to breast the granite ridge, keeping south until we reached the monument. There was much more snow, however, than we had supposed—all crisp with the night's frost. Manoel fondly pointed out what he called glaciers. They were of the nursery kind, more attractive for the pools of blue ice at their bases than for themselves. Of these pools, the Fonte dos Perus and the Xafariz del Rei were the most considerable. The latter is a lovely little bathing tank, and, like the Lagôa Escura, keeps a uniform level winter and summer. I declined a tumbler of its ice-cold fluid when, after himself drinking of it, Manoel told me that for centuries it has been used as a bath. In summer, everyone who tours the Estrella has a swim in the King's Fountain. But it was quite another matter when, on the edge of the great

gap from which the Cantaro Magro and the Cantaro Gordo lift their knotty pinnacles, we came to a spring bubbling up in a bed of pure white sand. This was water fit for Paradise. Its rapid little rivulet bustled into the corrie a thousand feet well-nigh sheer beneath us, after a course of but a few yards. This may as well be termed the headquarters of the Zezere, which proceeds from the pools formed in the yawning hollow so tremendously sentinelled by the two Cantaros. Whether it is that or not, Manoel proceeded to wash his pocket-handkerchief in it, while Antonio and I looked our fill at the most majestic of the Estrella's charms.

I had bred keen expectations about the Cantaros, or Pitchers, as these pinnacles are called, and it was much that they did not disappoint me. From the Devil's Hollow—the corrie below us—the Cantaro Magro, or Lean Pitcher, springs with a stern precipitous wall of dark granite about three hundred yards high. Its head is well defined, and to the south is joined to the Estrella summit by a trim little *arête*. This seems its only accessible side. In certain respects it recalls the Pillar Rock of Cumberland, and some day, when mountaineering is the fashion in Portugal, it may begin to break necks. But the look into Ennerdale from the Pillar Rock is a tame spectacle compared with the thrilling prospect yielded on all sides by the Lean Pitcher.

In the great expedition of 1881 this peak was ascended by members of the party, but they could not get down without much



THE SANATORIUM

In the Serra da Estrella

anxiety and help. They spent a cool night on the granite edges, burning juniper to tell their friends of their predicament. And, in fact, they were only rescued by a sort of human ladder reared from below. Looking at the polished sides of the club-like rock and the grim declivities, one could feel for them. Since then, however, the single safe way up the Lean Pitcher has been found, and now anyone with a good head and trustworthy boots may be guided to the most sensational spot in all Portugal.

The Cantaro Gordo, or Fat Pitcher, which to the north of the chasm faces his lean brother on the south, is inferior in sublimity. There is, however, a lake, Do Peixão, under his shoulder, which I much regret that I missed seeing. From report, it has a sombre grandeur equal to that of the Escura, and is as hard to reach.

We sat long in the matured sunlight, dangling our legs over the Devil's Hollow and looking at its tessellation of radiant little pools, linked by the young Zezere on its way to the east, where alone is an outlet from the recess. Here, as everywhere in the upper Estrella, the granite boulders were sprinkled liberally. The storms of ages had torn them from the two Cantaros, and littered the corrie with them. In one part they form an avenue called by the shepherds the Street of Merchandise, from their resemblance to bales of goods. It seemed to me that this might be the choicest haunt of the Estrella wolves, but I learnt, on the other hand, that it is the sanatorium for the sick Estrella sheep. Suspects are here isolated for the good of their brethren; the mouth of the corrie is blocked, and the invalids are left to die or recover as destiny bids them. Our friends the wolves are not likely to reside in such a death-trap, where they might be unearthed and hunted with no chance of escape.

On the summit ridge, to which we strolled from the Cantaros, it was tolerably plain why this long broad mass of mountain received its name of Estrella. From the hard granite core of the range, fissure after fissure could be seen cloven in radiating spokes towards the lowlands. One vast gap in the west, called the Mouth of Hell, was especially fine. The rounded heather-crimson and bright green lesser peaks framed by the sides, or "jaws," of this rift were lovely in the extreme. We also looked from one blue mountain range to another, with many a mile of intervening emerald and yellow plain, and yet once more at

Spain's assuming Sierra de Gata, a knot of comely peaks.

The snow let us in to the ankle as at length, without alacrity, we returned to the horse and the boy. As has been said, our renewed appetites could not be ministered to. The boy vowed it was not his fault, and sang merry madrigals to prove the lightness of his conscience. And so we sought solace in tobacco, and prepared for the descent to Ceia, some seven miles due north of us. My postmaster, in spite of his hunger, was also happy. He told me what I knew well, that I had been blessed indeed by the weather. With a sly smile he then drew forth from his breast a withered trifle, to which he did not hesitate to ascribe a measure of our felicity. It was the dried head of an Estrella viper, and he had put it in his pocket "por boa fortuna!"

Even while he was vaunting his viper, the good Manoel sniffed the air and pointed to relays of young clouds sailing over the Mondego valley from the sea. It was perfectly true, the wind had changed and was now from the west. And, remembering as I did those three days of unceasing rain I had enjoyed a year ago in the Caramullo, and the local sayings which state that a wind from the sea is three times out of four a wet one, I gave the word for home. We had about four good hours' work before us, and the Lagoa Redonda, or Round Lake, to call upon in passing. And so we briskly crossed the bright Valle do Conde, with the cuckoos still calling about us, and began the series of abrupt descents that were to end among the mills of S. Romão.

The gay colours of the Estrella were much more assertive on this side of the range. There were the omnipresent monstrous boulders, relics of the ice age, black and white, and painted with orange and pale green lichen; crimson heather and tall white heath blended with the friendly juniper and the waving bushes of golden broom, which grew larger the lower we dropped; yellow and rose cistus were also abundant. Add the varied purple, white, and strong red colours of the more individual peaks into which the Estrella slopes resolve themselves, the blue of the sky, and the cheerful gleam of water in rushing streamlets and pools and lakes, and it will be seen we had much to enliven us. There was further, I feel no shame in saying, the prospect of an unstinted banquet at the Ceia hotel at noon or thereabouts.

In the Serra da Estrella

The Lagôa Secca, or Dry Lake, was not worth attention. Already the summer sun had begun to shrivel it. We passed it by with neglect therefore. Very different was the Lagôa Redonda, to which we descended on foot down a steep little green and watery gully, while the discontented boy led the horse ahead. This lake is bravely overhung by striking precipices, and the long ridge of the summit behind increases the beauty of its setting. The verdure on its northern shore contrasts well with the naked audacity of its background.

From this lake the young Alva rushes down towards S. Romão. No river in Portugal starts life so impetuously; but ere we were at the red-and-white pilgrimage chapels of Nostra Senhora do Desterro, only half an hour above S. Romão, it was a broad pellucid river gliding between lofty wooded slopes, with long trout visible in its pale jade-coloured waters.

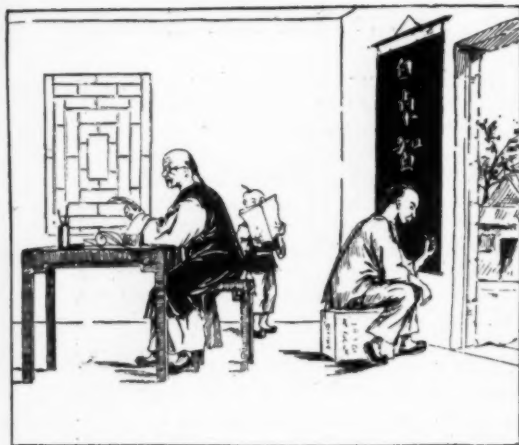
I am sorry to feel obliged to say that by then our cavalcade had in a measure lost its character. It was due to that discreditable dirty boy. A stranger had entered into conversation with him, and he had adroitly picked the stranger's pocket. Manoel saw it done, but he said nothing to me until afterwards, when, with an air of sweet innocence, the youth produced the purse. He declared that he had found it, empty, and he was anxious to dispose of it. Vigorous language ensued, and my postmaster's one eye flashed in righteous anger upon the lad, who, however, having stuck to his tale, renewed his merry madrigals in contempt of us all. Unfortunately, the stranger was lost to sight among the rocks and the forest of yellow broom in which we were then involved. I, for my part, could only hope that there was little money in the purse.

The heat was tropical when our work ended at the renowned pilgrimage chapel, where we sat for a time in the shade and received the homage of certain dark-eyed ladies who had just finished their devotions. I was expected to be very ardent in praise of the plaster groups in the isolated oratories of this chapel. Here my three companions prayed for the four of us. I admitted that the figures were very large and very brightly painted. The pilgrimage hostelry interested me more. It is a building of empty rooms to which the traveller may carry his bed. When a local *feita* is in progress, the house is of course full to overflowing. At other times any tourist may get the key and camp in it. He would probably find fewer insects here than in the cleanest of S. Romão's residences. Hence, too, he might prowl in search of a wolf with more reasonable hopes than higher up; partridges, hares, and trout, to say nothing of cuckoos, might appeal to his sanguinary instincts in default of a wolf.

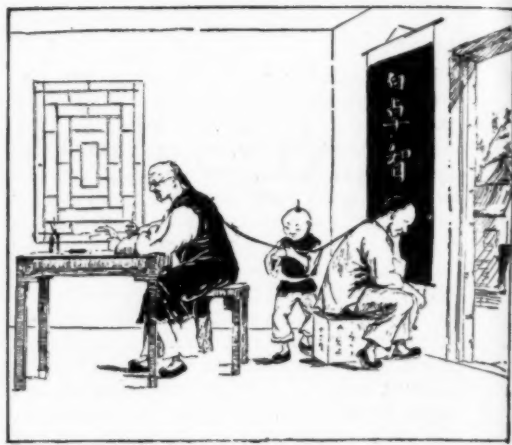
Our friends the factory-girls were leaving for dinner as we passed the mills by the very bad roughly paved road which leads from the chapel to S. Romão. They were as effusive, pretty, clean, and critical as ever. All respect to them for such qualities, nurtured on the mere fourpence or so of their daily wage.

I have nothing more to say, except this—that the Serra da Estrella is the best thing in Portugal. When I add that the whole range, including the Serra da Louza, its continuation south-west, extends about sixty miles in length, with an average of fifteen miles in breadth, it will be seen that it offers the traveller a large programme if he means to investigate it fairly. But Portugal herself ought to do that first. Many a square mile of it is untrodden ground.

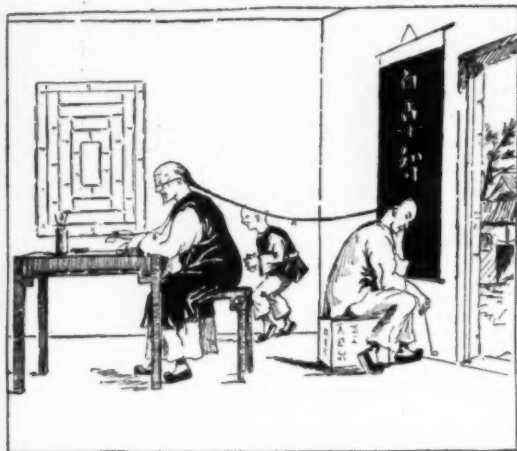




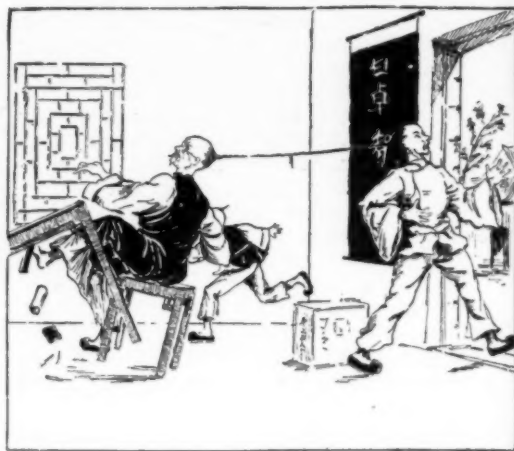
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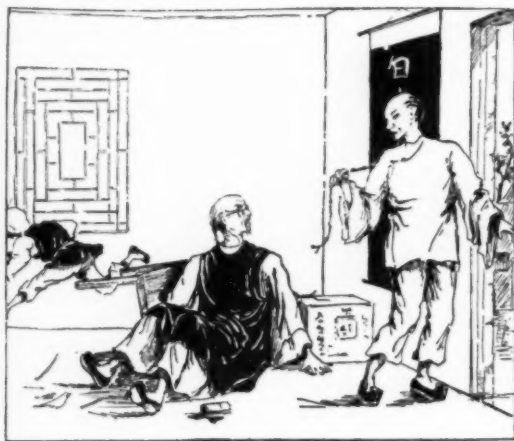
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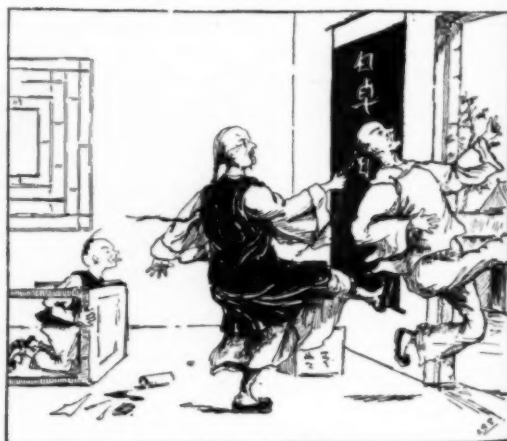
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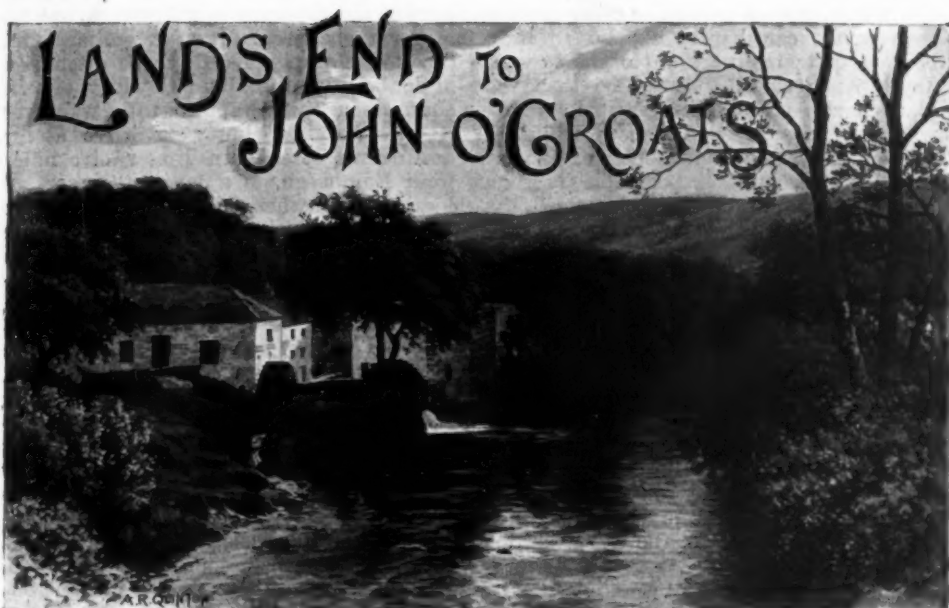
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ANNANDALE

CARLISLE TO JOHN O'GROATS

THE tourist from the south who enters Carlisle by English Street leaves the city by Scotland Road in order to reach the border, and must then traverse a long tract of level country, known as the debatable land, which was formerly the occasion of endless disputes and conflicts between neighbouring Scots and English, who both claimed it as their property. The Esk is crossed by a bridge of unusual length, and we may here gaze over the Solway Firth, upon whose treacherous sands so many have been engulfed by the rapidly flowing tide. Two miles beyond we cross the border by a stone bridge over the river Sark, and find ourselves in "bonnie Scotland," four hundred and eighty-five miles from the Land's End by the route which we have followed.

Gretna Green is a sad disappointment, and those who would treasure the wealth of romance which is associated with the name would be wise to steer clear of the actual spot. We have read of runaway couples, braving the perils of a long journey in a post-chaise and four, sometimes only escaping capture on the road by an accident

or trick, being joined together as man and wife at the forge of the village blacksmith; and very pretty reading it was for a Christmas number or a paper-covered novel. But what does the traveller see to-day? A modern railway station, hardly suggestive of elopements, and a street of poor squalid-looking little cottages rejoicing in the name of Springfield. In one of these cottages once lived James Beattie, the blacksmith, who is credited with performing the marriage ceremony after his own fashion; but whether these marriages were legal, without orthodox confirmation, we will not stop to inquire. A more interesting object is Gretna Hall, which stands close by; it is now a gentleman's residence, but was formerly a famous coaching hotel, until the iron road deprived it of its trade.

Passing through Kirkpatrick we come to Kirtlebridge, in the vicinity of which is Robert Gill's Tower, the abode of a famous marauder who ravaged the surrounding country, appropriating to his own use the cattle of his neighbours. This was an unpleasant habit to which they were some-

Land's End to John o' Groats

what addicted in the "good old days," and which, though applied to other articles than cattle, can hardly be said to have become quite extinct even to the present day. At Ecclefechan may be seen the plain house, situated in the main street, where Thomas Carlyle was born, whilst in the churchyard a tombstone marks the place of his burial. Lockerbie is soon passed, and then the scenery, which has thus far been unattractive, improves considerably as we enter the valley of the Annan, whence road, river, and railway run within sight of each other for several miles, rising gradually to Beattock. Here a choice of routes meets the tourist. The "record route" goes forward by way of Crawford, Abington, and Carllops to Edinburgh; but we will follow the old coach road through Moffat and by Crook Inn, which, although somewhat shorter than the other, is very hilly and rough, but reveals some wild and romantic country, which will repay the cyclist for the extra exertion entailed.

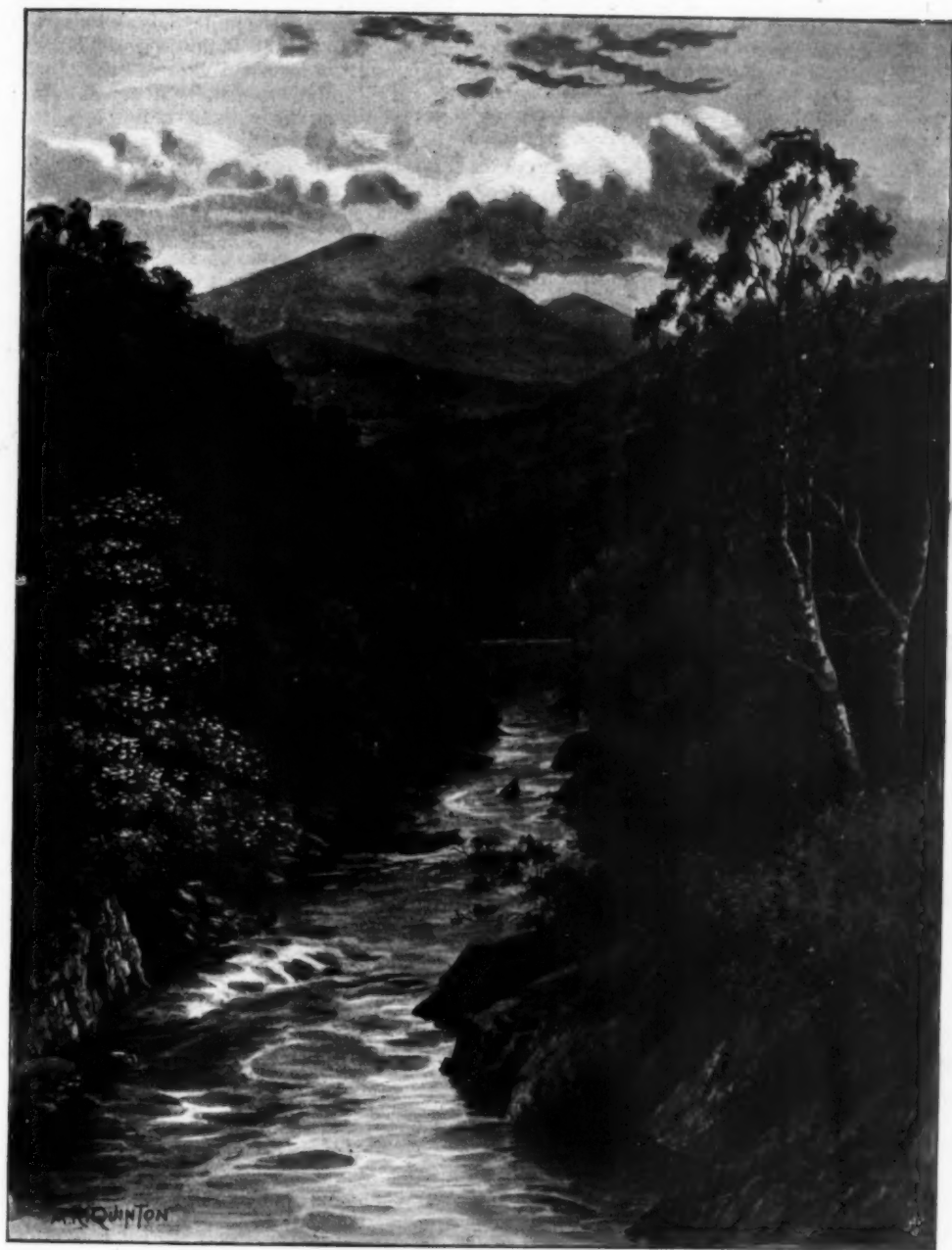
The situation of Moffat is delightful, and well accounts for its popularity as the most attractive watering-place in the south of Scotland. The long ascent which is encountered immediately on leaving the town is pretty steep in places, and the surface is loose and stony, but it commands lovely views of Moffat and the surrounding country, and the air is fresh and exhilarating. The scenery becomes more wild and impressive as we approach the summit and are quite shut in by the mountains. Here is a spot called the De'il's Beef Tub, a deep precipitous dell where the river Annan takes its rise, and which was formerly made use of by the border rieviers for concealing their stolen cattle, as described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Redgauntlet." After about ten miles of climbing, a long steady descent beside the Tweed commences, and brings us at length to Crook Inn, a place of some importance in the coaching days, and still of some interest to the wayfarer, as it affords almost the only opportunity of refreshment between Moffat and Penicuik, a distance of nearly fifty miles.

Leaving the Tweed, which flows off towards Peebles and the borderland, our road continues through a bare moorland country, where the trees are dead or blighted. After passing Broughton there are more signs of cultivation, and for a while a solitary telegraph wire follows the

road; ut the milestones, which for a time marked the distance to Edinburgh, are no longer to be seen. It is a solitary and deserted highway, hardly to be attempted in doubtful weather, but still with a certain charm about it which appeals to the wanderer who is not in a hurry to arrive at his destination. Leadburn Inn, twelve miles from Edinburgh, is a favourite resort of local cyclists, whence it is all down-hill to Penicuik, with the Moorfoot Hills on the right, whilst the Pentland Hills, with a richly wooded country intervening, gradually recede on our left.

On the beauties of "the modern Athens" it is not our purpose to dilate here. It is a place worthy of its far-famed reputation, which, unfortunately, cannot be said with truth of all show places. The site of Edinburgh is doubtless one of the most picturesque in the world. It is overhung by Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill and the Castle Rock. It consists mainly of heights and hollows, acclivities and ravines, in much diversity of character, and commands from numerous vantage-grounds brilliant views of sea and islands, extensive plains, and lofty mountains. The architecture often derives romantic effect from the bold features of the ground, and in the old town the lover of the picturesque will still find ample relics of the past to excite his enthusiasm. It is, in a word, a place to visit and to revisit.

In our passage through Scotland to its northern extremity three ferries are encountered, the first of which is the crossing of the Firth of Forth from Granton to Burntisland. This is performed in a steamer of considerable dimensions, and the trip affords a pleasant little change from the road, as well as a good view of that great triumph of engineering skill, the celebrated Forth Bridge. From Burntisland the road rises rapidly up a steep hill to some tableland at the top, where we once more find ourselves passing through a colliery district. This is soon left behind, however, and when the abrupt slope of Benarty Head is passed we have our first glimpse of Loch Leven, one of the largest sheets of water in Scotland, but by no means the most striking. The shores of the lake are chiefly flat, although it is overhung, on the south and east, by an amphitheatre of the Lomond and Benarty Hills. Loch Leven Castle stands upon an islet about a quarter of a mile from the shore. It belonged anciently to the kings of Scotland;



KILLIECRANKIE

Land's End to John o' Groats

it then passed to the Douglas family, and was the prison of Queen Mary after her surrender on Carberry Hill. The story of her romantic escape is familiar to all readers of the "Abbot." Little now remains of the original structure but a four-storeyed square tower, with walls of great thickness.

A charming spot is Glen Farg. After some miles of tame surroundings, one plunges suddenly into a lovely, richly wooded ravine which recalls to mind the scenery of the Trosachs on a smaller scale. Far below the road, in a deep narrow defile, a miniature torrent rushes over stones and boulders, overhung with beautiful foliage and romantic rocks. It is a place to linger in and dream. All too soon the glade is passed, and we emerge on the open country again, still descending, past the Bridge of Earn, with nothing to call for special attention until the "Fair City of Perth" comes into view. "Fair" it certainly looks as we near it, surrounded by beautiful green meadows, with the river Tay winding like a silver thread amongst them, and backed by lofty hills which signal the approach of the real Highland country. Perth was for a long time the grand *dépôt* of trade between the Highlands and the Lowlands; to-day it is an important manufacturing centre, and holds its own with any other town in Scotland, excepting Edinburgh and Glasgow.

To those who are unacquainted with the character of Scotch roads, a trip over the Grampians; from Perth to Inverness, may appear to be rather a formidable journey. As a matter of fact, the rise over the pass is so gradual, and the surface of the road so excellent, that, provided the weather be favourable, it should prove the most enjoyable stage of our long journey; particularly as the tourist has the satisfaction of knowing that the railway is always near at hand to fall back upon should occasion arise. The distance between the two cities is just 120 miles, and the comfortable hotel at Dalwhinnie is a capital half-way house for such as are prepared to ride sixty miles a day. But the district is so full of interest, and there are so many objects to see and beauty spots to be explored on the way, that several days might be devoted to it with profit, and plenty of convenient stopping-places may be found *en route*.

Having left the city of Perth behind, the interest of the journey commences as we come in sight of Birnam Hill, which towers

up 1,500 feet above the level of the shady road which skirts its base. Birnam Pass formed for ages the chief access from the Lowlands to Atholl, Badenoch, and Strathspey, and has been aptly termed the Mouth of the Highlands. Dunkeld comes next; and who can pass without calling a halt on the bridge to take in the lovely views up and down the Tay, and to gaze upon the venerable cathedral embowered in trees? Near by is Dunkeld House, a palatial residence belonging to the Duke of Atholl, with extensive grounds which are said to be traversed by fifty miles of walks and thirty miles of carriage-drives!

Following the river Tay we run through the beautiful vale of Atholl as far as Ballenbrig, then, taking to the valley of the Tummel, past the village of Moulinearn, we reach the great tourist resort—Pitlochrie. Plenty of interesting excursions may be made from this centre, but our road leads on by the river Garry, which affords us many a picturesque view of rapids and cataracts as we travel by its wooded banks. The culminating point in the beauty of the scenery is reached, however, when we enter the famous Pass of Killiecrankie, which is reckoned to be two and a-half miles long, although strictly speaking the pass only includes the narrowest part of the defile, a distance of half a mile. The road surface is here so perfect that the cyclist is in danger of rushing through a scene which, of its kind, is unsurpassed in any part of Scotland; and it is difficult to realise that two centuries ago no track or passage through the pass existed except a perilous footpath known to few.

Killiecrankie has also its historical as well as its scenic interest. It was the scene of the battle between the troops of William III and the Highland forces under Claverhouse, in 1689, and the spot where the latter received his mortal wound is marked by an upright stone.

After Blair Atholl is passed we enter upon the only really inhospitable part of the road. For a distance of twenty-four miles, and until Dalwhinnie is reached, no inn will be found, although one formerly existed at Dalnacardock, and is still marked as such on many road maps, much to the discomfort of many an unwary traveller. The writer recently heard of a case where an unfortunate tourist, relying upon this information, had left Blair Atholl late in the day, and was soon overtaken by a soaking rain, but pushed on to Dalnacardock

Land's End to John o' Groats

with the intention of putting up there for the night. Judge of his chagrin on discovering that the inn had long since been converted into a private residence, and he had the alternative of going back eleven miles or forward fourteen. A more amusing incident is related by an eminent dignitary of the English Church on his experience when cycling over this route. "We had been expecting," he writes, "to refresh ourselves at an inn given on the map near the top of the pass. Scotch inns often have no signs, and we dismounted near the door and walked in. On calling for the waiter, a smart English footman in livery came forward and said this was not an hotel. We declared that it must be, and appealed to the map, but he told us it was let to an English sportsman from Liverpool. We expressed our disappointment, on which he thawed, and said that the lady of the house sometimes offered refreshment to travellers who had made the same mistake. He went to inquire, and came back asking us what we would like, which was chiefly milk and biscuits. I left my card with thanks to the involuntary but hospitable hostess."

From Dalnacardock the scenery becomes wild and desolate in the extreme, and one

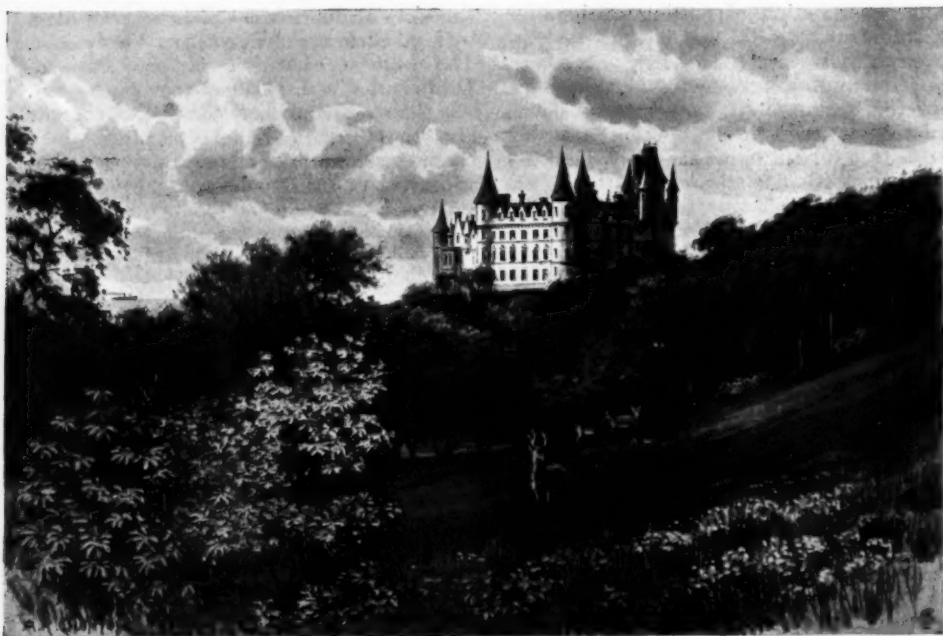
shudders at the thought of being overtaken by rain or tempest in such a lonely spot. The highest elevation of the Pass of Drumochter is 1,500 feet above sea-level, and the road winds between the Atholl Sow and the Boar of Badenoch, after which there is a descent of about thirty miles to reward the rider for the collar work which he has hitherto encountered. Five miles north of the summit, through bleak moors and corries, we come in view of a group of five or six houses, together with a little railway station, which turns out to be Dalwhinnie. The hotel here, which, by the way, bears no sign, has the distinction of standing at a higher elevation than any hostelry in Scotland; and the wonderful exhilaration of the air, as well as the excellent fishing in Loch Ericht, a mile distant, attract a goodly number of visitors during the summer months. At the northern end of the loch is the Peak of Ben Alder, 3,740 feet high, in one of the caves of which Prince Charles Edward took refuge after the battle of Culloden.

A delightful descent through Glen Truim and the valley of the Spey leads us gradually from a scene of desolation to re-awakening life and luxuriant vegetation.



THE PASS OF THE GRAMPIANS

Land's End to John o' Groats



DUNROBIN CASTLE

An excellent road carries us through Kingussie, past Loch Inch, with glorious views of the Cairn Gorm Range on the right, until we come to the bridge which spans an arm of Loch Alvie, where we are constrained to dismount and enjoy the beautifully wooded landscape which surrounds the little lake, and to realise the remarkable change of scenery which a few miles' ride has brought within our view. From Aviemore the old Highland railway pursues its more circuitous way to Inverness *via* Grantown and Nairn, but the new direct route is now open for traffic, and the road still bears some traces of the ill usage which it sustained during the construction of this line. At Carr Bridge are the remains of an old Roman bridge still standing beside the modern structure, which has long since superseded it. Here our road turns westward for a while; but let us first glance backward to obtain a last view of the Grampians, with Ben Nevis, the second highest peak in the United Kingdom, just seen between the rounded summits of the Cairn Gorm Mountains. We now enter the wilds of Inverness-shire and are confronted with another chain of mountains, the Monagh Leas Range, which we cross at

an elevation of 1,327 feet by the Slochmuick Pass. Still through bold and rugged country we descend to the lattice-girder bridge over the river Findhorn to Tomaline and Freeburn Inn, only to rise again ere we catch sight of Loch Moy, with its picturesque castle and little islands surrounded with dark pine woods. The three miles of descent into Inverness reveals a splendid view of the Beauly Firth, a view worth travelling far to witness, and when this beautifully situated and ancient town is reached we mark off another stage in our journey northward, and note that we have travelled 738 miles from Land's End.

The route through Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire is rather circuitous, owing to the numerous long firths which have to be skirted, except in such cases where a ferry is available. But the scenery is beautiful all the way to Wick, and the roads are for the most part perfect from the cyclist's point of view. The long *détour* round Beauly Firth may be avoided by making use of the large sailing boat which plies across Kessock Ferry; but when landed on the opposite shore a steady climb of seven miles awaits us, over a rich heathy country commanding lovely views of Inverness and

Land's End to John o' Groats

the glittering waters between. Through Dingwall we pass, and then we bowl along the shores of Cromarty Firth on a delightful stretch of road, for some distance overshadowed by trees and bordered by hedges—rows fragrant with wild roses and other flowers in the early summer. After passing Tain we presently encounter a third ferry which crosses Dornoch Firth from Meikle to Clashmore, and saves the nineteen miles of road by way of Bonar Bridge. The approach to Meikle Ferry is rough and stony, and the small boat which carries us across will not hold many passengers. The group of ruined buildings on the southern shore tells of a traffic which has passed away, never to return, for the railway now takes the travellers as well as the mails by another route than that which formerly crossed the ferry; and well may the old ferryman lament the bad times which bring him so few customers, and so little gossip to break the lonely monotony of his uneventful life.

Leaving the town of Dornoch on our right, we soon approach the shores of Loch Fleet, with Benvrage, crowned with a colossal statue of one of the Dukes of Sutherland, showing up conspicuously ahead. The road is here carried round the head of the loch by a fine embankment called the Mound, built at a cost of some £10,000 to replace a former ferry. Sixty-six miles from Inverness, and just beyond Golspie, the tourist will find comfortable quarters at the Sutherland Arms, adjoining the entrance to Dunrobin Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Sutherland. The mansion is modern, but of exceedingly picturesque architecture, and includes a portion of an ancient castle, built by the second earl in 1275, taking its name of Dunrobin from the builder. The beautiful gardens and grounds, as well as the castle, should be visited if circumstances permit.

Still following the coast, our road leads us through Brora to the prettily situated fishing village of Helmsdale, and then we must prepare to encounter our last great climb over the Ord of Caithness. We ascend, through the wild and solitary moorlands which form part of the Duke of Portland's deer forest, over the shoulder of this huge mountain, which runs out into the sea to end abruptly in steep cliffs. It is a steep and toilsome climb, followed by a descent of six miles to Berriedale, the latter part of which is dangerously precipitous and rough, for the road, which was just

now 800 feet above the sea, suddenly drops to sea-level in a distance of about a mile. The village of Berriedale is situated at the bottom of a most romantic pine-clad gorge, which makes the traveller long for time to explore its hidden beauties. Dunbeath is another small fishing station tucked away in a pretty glen, and thence it is no far cry to Wick, a town entirely given over to the herring fishery, which gives employment to many thousands who come from distant parts of the Highlands during the fishing season. Thence it is only nineteen miles to John o' Groats! But what a dreary and monotonous stretch it is! We cannot help feeling that we are approaching the confines of the earth: not a hill, scarcely a tree, and no habitation is visible, save the low-roofed cabins of the crofters. Not a habitation, did we say? Yes, at length one does appear on the horizon, and it is the goal of our wanderings, the John o' Groats House Hotel, situated on the very extremity of the land, looking out upon the Pentland Firth, with the Orkney Islands beyond, and boasting of being the most northerly habitation on the mainland of Scotland, and 876 miles from the Land's End in Cornwall.

The remains of the original octagonal house of the famous John can be traced in the turf just outside the hotel, and two stories are related concerning its origin. According to one account John o' Groat was a fisherman who rented the ferry to the Orkneys, and he built a house for the accommodation of his passengers. The gentry, with true Highland pride, each insisted on being first conducted into the house, and placed at the head of the table. This naturally gave rise to considerable friction and unpleasantness at times, to avoid which John ingeniously constructed a house in the form of an octagon, entered by a door on each side, with an octagonal table in the centre. Thus each of his troublesome guests could have an entrance to himself, with a seat at a table which could have no president. The other story runs thus: Once upon a time there were eight Dutch settlers of the name of Groat. These gentlemen used to hold an annual festive gathering to commemorate the arrival of their ancestors at Caithness; and to prevent the chance of any quarrel about precedence on these occasions, one of them built an octagonal room with eight windows and doors, in which he placed a table of the same shape. At the next anniversary he invited his kinsmen

Land's End to John o' Groats

each to enter by a separate-door, and to sit at the head of the table. In this way he pleased them all, for each supposed himself to be in the place of honour.

Let the reader make his own choice between the stories. It is enough for us that we have accomplished our purpose of travelling from end to end of Great Britain,

and we may now take a well-earned rest at the inn, and add our names to the visitors' book, which runs into three ponderous volumes, including within its covers the autographs of the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other distinguished personages.

A. R. QUINTON.



THE STACKS, DUNCANSBY HEAD

Where the Moonlight Sleeps

NOT on the proud dark crests of wild
Skiddaw,
Nor where, afar, Helvellyn lifts its
head;
But where the mountain peaks stand, sentry-
like,
Guarding the passes, and the vales between:
Here, where the snug, white, nestling hamlets
lie,
And sheepfolds cluster on the lower slopes;
And white streams sing their way through
flowering fields,

To lose themselves within the brimming lake;
'Tis here the moonlight sleeps the long night
through;

No sounds astir, save, when a fitful wind
Comes, laden with the thunders of Lodore
From hill to hill, a solemn silence reigns.
The stars are all awake, the shepherds sleep,
And all the folds are still; how many
flowers

With folded hands await returning day?
The spell of silence in the moon's cold beam
Has fascinated mountain, vale, and stream.

WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

A Pedagogue's Romance



ONE cold windy evening in April there might have been seen coming down the steps of the National Gallery a tall man with rather a sallow complexion; his features were evasive, and a cursory glance would have told you no more than that his mouth was rather wide, and his nose rather flat, and that in the middle of his forehead there was a small spot which showed red against his sallow skin. A closer inspection would have noticed pleasant grey eyes, and a not very well-shaven chin; while an examination of his trousers, not much worn, but ill-fitting and creased, and with well-marked bags at the knees, of his tail-coat of black-ribbed cloth, bound with braid, and of his spotted blue tie, a little crooked, and evincing an irresistible tendency to surmount the low stick-up collar, would have led an intelligent observer to the correct conclusion that the owner was a master at one of our great public schools. Having obtained an old yellow oak stick from the temporary guardian provided by the nation, this individual walked slowly up to Pall Mall, where, having crossed the road, he stepped, with that caution which marks one who has not lived in London, on to the board of a passing omnibus, and made his way among the toes of stony-eyed females to the only place inside; for he was nearing his fortieth birthday, and had reached the period when the outside of a 'bus begins to lose its attractions on a raw evening. They had turned into Piccadilly, and rolled a few hundred yards along the dense stream of traffic, when the 'bus came grinding to a standstill in response to the urgent signals of a small party on the pavement, consisting of an elderly stout lady, with a girl of about twenty and a boy some five or six years younger, evidently home for the holidays.

"Here you are, mother!" cried the boy,

"I'm going on the top." And without leaving time for any possible argument on the subject, he jumped on while the vehicle was still in motion and ran up the steps; the elder lady stepped on next, and as she evinced no intention of scaling the perilous ladder, was met by the "Full inside, mum," of the conductor.

"Oh dear, dear, what a nuisance—I can't possibly go outside. We must get down again, dear, and wait for another 'bus; how silly of Tom to rush up on to the roof like that—he might have seen it was full; but he never stops to look at anything. Conductor, would you mind just running up and calling my son down?"

The conductor was about to give an irritable reply, when our hero appeared at the entrance and expressed his willingness to ride outside.

"'Ere y'are then, mum," said the conductor, chafing at this long delay; and pulling the bell cord sharply with one hand, he helped the old lady in with the other. She disappeared into the interior, where the women looked at her with undisguised irritation, and the few men sat with a far-away look to try and hide their hot internal debate as to whether they ought to have offered to go outside; while one young man in the corner coughed and snuffled loudly for several minutes to demonstrate the reason for his apparent want of politeness.

The daughter tripped lightly up the steps, closely followed by our hero, in whom a vague feeling of pleasure took the place of his annoyance at having to go outside when he saw that his civility had benefited the mother of a charming-looking daughter.

"Hullo, Loo," remarked the brother as she sat down beside him: "are you coming up here? What's been the row?"

"Why, you silly boy, the 'bus was full inside, and you would have had to come down, only the gentleman behind us gave mamma his place."

Tom turned round to have a look at the gentleman, and his expression immediately changed from one of curiosity into one of immense and embarrassed amazement. As

A Pedagogue's Romance

he turned the gentleman held out his hand, saying, "How do you do, Crawford? I thought it was you, but I wasn't sure till you turned. How are you?"

"How do you do, sir?" replied Tom, shaking the proffered hand, and relapsing into embarrassed silence.

"What have you been doing with yourself? Having a good time? You don't look as if you'd been wearing yourself out over your holiday task," said the master, plunging heavily, as his wont was, into his perennial holiday joke.

While Tom laughed rather uneasily in reply, his toe was violently trodden on by his sister, who accompanied the pressure with a very audible whisper, "Introduce me, Tom."

Tom, annoyed at having his toe disturbed, and unaccustomed to the performance of the social duty suddenly thrust upon him, turned and said brusquely, "This is my sister, sir," adding tentatively, "Have you been to many theatres?"

But here Lucy broke in with thanks for his kindness to her mother, and kept up a pleasant conversation as they rolled along, so that it seemed no time before they reached Kensington Church, where they all got down. Tom rushed down in front before his sister could get an opportunity of eliciting the much-needed information as to the master's name, and when the introduction to her mother came she had to apologise for Tom's stupidity, and ask it. The name was Stubbs, and was recognised at once, for he was Tom's form master. An invitation to lunch on the next Sunday was cordially given and accepted, and the maternal heart rejoiced in the opportunity of propitiating the stern being who had been so misguided as to cast doubts in the last term's report on the diligence of dear Tom.

Meanwhile dear Tom was giving vent to his pent-up amazement.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed. "Just fancy meeting old Buncle on a 'bus in Piccadilly!" and he laughed aloud with renewed zest.

"I don't see anything so very funny in it," broke in his sister. "And what a little silly you were not to tell me his name when you introduced me!"

"All right, Loo, you needn't get so shirty; and there wasn't any need to bring your beetle-crushers on to my toe as you did," retorted Tom, resenting the epithet "little." "Besides, I thought you'd know

old Buncle. How the fellows will laugh when I tell them I saw him in Piccadilly!"

"Why shouldn't poor Mr. Buncle be in Piccadilly, Tom?" asked Mrs. Crawford plaintively. "I'm sure it was most fortunate that he was there."

"Stubbs, mother," replied Tom, shaking with laughter. "You're like a new fellow in our house, last term, who went up to Billy and asked him for two sheets of imput paper for Mr. Buncle."

"Well, Mr. Stubbs, then. I can't keep pace with all your absurd names; but why shouldn't he be in Piccadilly?"

"Oh, I don't know; you'd understand if you knew him. It's such a comic idea somehow—old Buncle being on a 'bus in Piccadilly! Look here, Loo, what a ripping little engine that is in that window!"

Meanwhile the object of this conversation was making his way towards Linden Gardens in high spirits. Stubbs was, as we have said, nearly forty; but the years had stolen upon him without his noticing them, and his heart was as fresh and impressionable as it had been twenty years before. He had always liked ladies' society, though somehow he never went out of his way to get it; during the whole of his youth he had been more or less in love with some one or other secretly; but his heart had found safety in numbers, and of late years he had got into a groove, like most of his profession, and lived from year's end to year's end quite contentedly among a small circle which contained no possible object of romantic affection. Nevertheless, when chance threw a pretty face in his way, as it had done on this occasion, he was still as ready as Romeo to submit to its influence, and as he walked quickly along with a peculiar rolling gait, he found himself welcoming with astonishing zeal the old, well-loved flavour of romance.

II

The Stubbs family did not live in London; the father had a small parish in Kent, where he lived with his wife and a daughter younger than our hero; the latter was now paying a visit to an elder sister, who had married an officer many years before. This officer had risen to the rank of major before the fatal shelving time overtook him, when, having some private means, he had settled in London, "to be near the

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centre of things," as he said, though it was not obvious in what way he benefited thereby, as he was a dull though worthy man, who spent his time doing nothing very busily. He was very inquisitive, and as keen as a boy over a small joke, so that he had soon found out all about the meeting on the 'bus, and had been poking fun at Stubbs as a squire of dames ever since, though without ever dreaming that there could really be any foundation for his sallies.

On the following Sunday, Stubbs, who had spent a pleasant but unconstitutional morning in the smoking-room, sallied forth betimes to walk across Kensington Gardens to the Crawfords'. He was arrayed in the same clothes that he wore during the week, the black-tail coat of ribbed cloth bound with braid, which was so well known to his form at Tonbury. For the first time its shabbiness gave him a twinge of discomfort, and he thought to himself: "I hope they're not a very dressy lot of people there, but they didn't look it; anyhow, it's not worth while getting a new coat to go out to lunch in once a year."

Half-way across the Gardens a horrid thought struck him; he put his hand to his chin, muttering: "I declare, I've forgotten to shave! What an ass I am!"

It was too late to turn back, and he was not so very bad, as he had performed the operation on the preceding evening in honour of a guest who came to dinner; but the annoyance made him quite hot and uncomfortable, and damped the pleasure which he had felt hitherto in this unwonted excursion.

Having rolled benignantly across the Gardens among the large juvenile population who were disporting themselves in the sunshine, he plunged into the maze of squares and terraces on the south side, and soon found himself at the Crawfords' house. It was not until he had rung the bell that he realised, on consulting his watch, that he was a good ten minutes before his time. For a moment he thought of retreating and coming again, but while he was still in doubt the door opened, and he walked in. As he went up the stairs he heard Tom's voice clear and distinct from some upper regions, shouting: "Dick, you little beast, come here at once!" and immediately a little shrill voice piped out: "Mr. Bunce is my uncle; Mr. Bunce——"

Here there was a rush and a stifled cry, and Stubbs heard no more, for he was ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs.

Crawford was talking to a bonneted lady as he came in; she rose to meet him and said cordially: "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Bunce? Let me introduce you to my sister, Miss Grant."

At first poor Stubbs was too flabbergasted at being thus attacked on both sides by his nickname to be able to speak, but Mrs. Crawford went on quite placidly:

"Mr. Bunce was so kind as to give me his seat in an omnibus the other day, Emily. I don't know what we should have done if it hadn't been for him, the evenings have been so raw lately, and as it was, poor Lucy had to go outside, and caught a dreadful cold; and then he turned out to be dear Tom's master. Wasn't it a coincidence?"

Stubbs's heart sank within him at the mention of the cold, but before he could frame his question Miss Grant had broken in:

"Yes, indeed, it is dreadfully raw in the evenings now; only last Thursday, no—let me see, Thursday, Mr. Parsons came to dinner—no, it was Wednesday—only last Wednesday—I was going out to dear Robert's to tea, and when I got into the street it was so raw I couldn't make up my mind whether to walk to the corner and take a 'bus, or call a hansom at once; it's only an eighteen-penny fare, you know; but, what with one thing and another, I always give the man sixpence extra, so I thought—well, after all, it's only a step down to the corner, and a 'bus is just as comfortable, really, as a hansom, if you don't mind not going so fast, you know; so I walked down to the corner and got quite hot, and then all the 'busses were full inside, and after waiting ten minutes in the cold I had to take a hansom after all, and the driver was so very unpleasant because I only gave him eighteen-pence, though it's quite the right fare, you know."

During this lengthy tale Mrs. Crawford had been busy thinking how she might gently lead the conversation to the subject of dear Tom's studiousness, while Stubbs was wondering, with growing irritation, whether Miss Crawford was laid up, and his luncheon vain; but before either had time to speak, to Stubbs's great relief, Miss Crawford came in, looking as fresh and pretty and smart as his recollection had painted her.

"Good morning, Aunty," she said. "How do you do, Mr. Stubbs," and his heart beat faster than it had done for many a long year as he touched her hand.

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"I'm afraid I'm dreadfully late; the sermon was so terribly long. Do you ever go to St. Peter Martyr's, Mr. Stubbs?"

"No; I never quite know where to go to in London in the morning," he replied; indeed, he never went anywhere. "I always go to St. Paul's in the afternoon."

"How delightful! it's quite my ideal of what a service ought to be. I often go, when I can drag Tom out."

"But, my dear Lucy," said Mrs. Crawford, "you oughtn't to go out again to-day, with your cold; you really oughtn't."

"Mother, dear, I haven't got a cold this morning, it's really perfectly all right; oh, there's the bell. I must go and get ready."

"Dear Lucy is so imprudent, Emily," said Mrs. Crawford to her sister. "But she's just like her father; if she wants to do anything, it's no good trying to stop her." Then, turning to Stubbs, with pleasing unconsciousness of the suggested train of thought: "Mr. Crawford was so sorry to miss you, Mr. Bunce; but he had to go down to Wimbledon. Emily, dear, shall we go down to lunch?"

Miss Grant complied with the request, twittering as she went with more than a tinge of injury in her voice. "Yes, I'm so sorry Harry had to go away; I suppose he had to see some one on business. I always seem to miss him somehow. The last time I saw him was that evening I came to dinner, you know, when it snowed so dreadfully as I came; I thought, I wonder if I shall ever get back; I thought perhaps the cabs wouldn't be able to run, you know, and this is such a long way from the Underground; and then it's not easy to get to Potomac Place from the other end, though, really, it can't be more than ten minutes from the Queen's Road Station; but then it is so dreadful walking in the snow, and all that, you know."

Lucy had joined them as they went down, and Tom was discovered already at his place, eyeing the dessert.

Stubbs was in the fatal high spirits which led him to be jocose with his pupils.

"Ah, Crawford," said he, as Tom shook hands rather shyly, "it's easier to be punctual for lunch than lessons, eh?"

Tom blushed, and muttered something in reply; but in a minute or two he was electrified by hearing his mother saying, in her slow, incisive tones: "Mr. Bunce, will you have beef or chicken?"

There was a moment's silence, poor Stubbs not knowing quite what to do; but, to his intense gratitude, Lucy came to the rescue with a pleasant laugh:

"My dear mother, this is Mr. Stubbs."

The poor lady was covered with confusion. "How stupid of me! Pray excuse me, Mr. Bunce—oh, there I am again! I am so bad at names, and I quite got it into my head somehow that your name was Bunce."

Stubbs rose to the occasion. "Well, Mrs. Crawford, to tell you the truth, that is my nickname, and far more people know me by it than by my real name, so that, like the man in the 'Hunting of the Snark,' I answer to 'Hi, or to any loud cry.'"

"Boys are so strange with their nicknames," said Miss Grant. "I remember dear Robert, when he was at school, was always called 'Greaser'—such a strange name for Robert, who was always a particularly thin boy, you know. I never could make it out."

"Are you going to Cousin Robert's Zenana Meeting on Wednesday, Auntie?" said Lucy, anxious to turn the conversation.

"No, dear; I didn't even know he had a meeting. How very strange that I should not have heard of it! He never said a word about it when I was there at tea only last week. How very peculiar that he shouldn't have mentioned it! Of course, it's a long way to his mission hall, where, I suppose, it is going to be, and he may have thought: 'Well, I know she doesn't often go out, and won't care to come to this'; but it's very strange that I shouldn't have heard of it, you know."

So the conversation passed safely off, to the intense relief of Tom, who had been sitting in purple consciousness that he was the origin of the confusion of names; and also of Stubbs, who, truth to tell, never relished the name. He had a shrewd idea, and he was quite right, that the name had reference to the bright spot on his forehead, and had originated one day when he had delivered an unfortunate disquisition to his form on the "embossed carbuncle" of King Lear's indignant speech.

"Tom," said Lucy, "will you come to St. Paul's this afternoon?"

"What do you want to go to St. Paul's for? It's an awful long way, and there's nowhere to put your hat!"

"Oh, do come, Tom. Canon Dash is going to preach."



"WELL DONE, MR. STUBBS!" CRIED LUCY

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"Why can't Loo get old Bunle to go, without bothering me," thought Tom to himself angrily; but, being a good-natured youth, he only remarked:

"Well, I'll come if you'll let me sit down in the anthem."

"Well, we'll see," said Lucy, having gained her point.

"If you and Tom are going Paul-wards, might I venture to come with you?" said Stubbs.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Stubbs; and then you can keep Tom in order—he's getting quite too much for me—aren't you, Tom? Time was when I ruled him with a rod of iron."

"I should jolly well like to know when that was!"

Here Miss Grant, who had been twittering meditatively for some time, broke in again:

"Lucy, dear, when did you say Robert's Zenana Mission meeting was going to be? I suppose you're sure about it—it seems so *very* strange that I should have heard nothing of it; perhaps he is sending out notices by post, and they haven't arrived yet; but I don't quite know what to do. I don't like to write and ask him point-blank, you know, although I'm sure there must be some mistake; but it's very strange, you know, isn't it, Jane?"

Mrs. Crawford launched out into a soothing strain of possible, though most unlikely, explanations, and the trouble passed off for the time.

"If you are going by Underground, Miss Crawford," said Stubbs, "don't you think it would be rather nice to get out at Westminster and walk along the Embankment? It's such a lovely afternoon."

"I should like it of all things, and it will be so good for Tom to get a walk; he never will walk a step in London."

"I hate walking in Sunday-go-to-meetings," said Tom.

"Well, it won't hurt you for once. I must go and get ready, or we shan't catch the 2.5."

A few minutes later the little party set out. Stubbs was in the highest delight at this unexpected prolongation of his pleasure, and Lucy was pleased at having such a strong ally in the carrying out of her wishes against Tom's. The latter alone was at first rather inclined to be grumpy, and to think that schoolmasters were out of place in the holidays; but he had an inward satisfaction in having found out that his cousin, the Rev. Robert Grant, who

patronised him, and was cordially disliked, had been called "Greaser" at school.

Poor Stubbs was, as we have said, in the highest spirits; but he soon had a tumble from the airy castles which he had been building in the train, when, as they walked along the Embankment, Lucy, hearing that he was a Balliol man, asked innocently if he had known her father up there.

"I expect he was up before my time," he answered, smiling rather grimly. "I didn't go up till '78."

"Oh, of course," she replied. "How stupid of me! Papa must have been at Oxford long before that—only, somehow, one always thinks that people of the same college must have been up together."

"Have you ever been to Oxford?" he asked.

"No; I should so like to go: it must be great fun in 'commem' when they have all those dances and picnics. A great friend of mine has got a brother up there, and she has told me all about it; her brother is an old Tonburian, by the bye, Colman by name. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know him quite well—he's a very nice fellow," replied Stubbs truthfully; while in his heart of hearts he felt with a half-amused despair that he was quite ready to be jealous of this youth, who such a very short time ago, as it seemed, had been a chubby-cheeked lad in his form.

"Yes, they're all very nice people," continued Lucy. "Oh, look at those children! How dangerous for them to play right at the edge of the water like that!"

They were passing by Cleopatra's Needle, where, according to their wont on fine Sunday afternoons, small boys and girls were playing about on the steps that lead down right and left of it to the river. Just as Stubbs and the Crawfords got up to the place, a very small and incautious youth had climbed on to the low parapet on the river side of the steps; he was standing there full of pride at his daring, when he was startled by the loud cry: "'Arry, you come down h'at once!" uttered by an elder sister, who had been gossiping with her fellows, and had just espied him. He turned suddenly, in conscious guilt, lost his balance, and fell into the water.

There was a general scream. In a moment Stubbs had run down the steps. The tide was coming in slowly, so that the boy had fortunately not been carried far away, and before he had time to sink Stubbs had plunged after him and caught him by the

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arm; a couple of strokes brought him back safely to the landing-steps.

A throng had collected round the place, and cheered Stubbs as he came squishing up the steps, and handed the child, still agape with the fright of his sudden immersion, to the sister, enjoining her to run home with him at once.

"Well done, Mr. Stubbs!" cried Lucy, as he came up, though she could not check the smile which his appearance provoked, for his old and trusty top hat was sailing on the Thames, while the thick Thames water was streaming down from his braided coat and clinging trousers.

"'Ad a nice borth, guv'nor?" asked a loafer, who had just joined the circle which had formed round Stubbs and the Crawfords; but the jeerer was promptly suppressed.

"None o' your sorce! 'E's been pullin' a kid out o' the water—that's what 'e's done."

"I'm afraid this sort of thing will hardly do for St. Paul's, Miss Crawford," said Stubbs, looking rather disconsolately at his dripping clothes. "I think I'd better take a cab home at once. It's a great nuisance—but I won't keep you in this crowd. Good-bye. I'm afraid my hand is hardly fit to shake!"

Lucy, however, held out her hand, saying: "Good-bye, Mr. Stubbs; it was very brave of you."

"Not at all; there was no danger of anything more than this untimely bath," he replied, laughing. "Good-bye," and he stepped into a cab which a friendly policeman had stopped for him, the people crowding round him as he went with that eager curiosity so characteristic of Londoners.

Lucy watched him drive off with mingled feelings of admiration and amusement.

"It was splendid, his presence of mind, wasn't it, Tom?" she said, with enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Tom, who had really been much moved, but, like most members of his school, never gave vent to his feelings, "it was awfully decent of him." He added, after a pause: "Fellows say he's jolly strong." Then, as the comic side of the scene came into his mind: "I say, Loo, what a rum 'un he looked when he came out, didn't he?"

They both laughed merrily at the recollection, but Lucy added: "Well, anyone would look funny in wet clothes like that, and I think it was splendid of him. I

should like to know him well. I like people who do things like that."

Meanwhile Stubbs was being driven back shivering in his cab, thinking of what had happened. "There's no fool like an old fool," he said to himself, as he remembered the question about Balliol; but he said it with a smile, and his heart went out towards the silly little boy who had fallen in, as he thought: "Anyhow, she'll know that I'm not such a fool as I look."

He was greeted by his brother-in-law with shouts of laughter, and had to submit for the rest of the day to a flow of small chaff; for the Major insisted on telling his own version of the story with much chuckling to everyone who came in.

Stubbs took it all good-humouredly—it was better to be chaffed than that there should be no reference to Lucy at all; but he had a severe trial the next morning when he found a letter from Mrs. Crawford on his plate at breakfast, for Lucy and Tom had heard the address given to the cabman.

"Dear Mr. Stubbs," she wrote, "I hope you are none the worse for the wetting which you got in your gallant rescue of the child to-day. It would give us very great pleasure if you could come and dine on Tuesday next at 8 P.M.—Yours very truly, Jane Crawford."

It was a great temptation, for he had not to be back at Tonbury till the Thursday evening, and he knew his sister would be delighted to keep him; unfortunately he had spoken to his parents of coming down on the Monday, and he was afraid they might be disappointed. So he had to content himself with expressing his great regret at being unable to accept the invitation, and mentioning the reason. He would have given pounds to have known how the answer was received. Had he been able to, his anxiety lest his refusal should be misconstrued as due to an unwillingness to come would have been relieved, for the good opinion which Lucy had formed of him was increased by this little incident, though she only felt in a vague way what his inclinations must have been, without having any idea of their strength.

III

Stubbs returned to Tonbury in a very gloomy frame of mind. He had felt before the difficulty of settling down to work again, but never had the collar seemed so galling,

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never had teaching seemed so unprofitable and wearisome, the daily round such drudgery—the whole thing so profoundly uninteresting.

"I was a fool to become a schoolmaster," he said to himself. "I might have known that my sympathy with boys would fade away as I got older, and leave me a useless old fogey."

So far was he from realising the true cause of this depression, that he complained to a friend one evening that he was getting tired of schoolmastering, and didn't feel interested in anything; and was quite startled when he took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"H'm, I'm afraid you're a bad case, Jack. Who is she?"

Stubbs blushed and protested, and tried to put it off upon his liver; but, in truth, he was rather relieved to find out the real cause of his malady—and that it was the real cause was sufficiently demonstrated by the immense interest which he suddenly began to feel in Tom.

The result was most satisfactory to all parties, not least to Tom.

"How's Crawford doing this term, Stubbs?" inquired his house-master, one day, shortly before the time for the half-term report. "Any better?"

"Oh, yes! He's not a *clever* fellow, you know, and his composition is weak; but he's really working hard this term, I think. I came across his people in the holidays. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know them pretty well; I was at Balliol with the father. I'm glad the boy's doing better; I always believed in him myself. I hope some of his people are coming down here for Speech Day—you must come in and dine with us when they're here."

Stubbs's delight may be imagined; and the benefits which Tom received may be best estimated by the letter which that young gentleman wrote home soon after this:

"My dear Mother,—I'm awfully glad you and Loo are coming down to stay here. I suppose Billy asked you down for Speech Day, otherwise I expect you'd like it better if you came down some other day when there's something decent on: Speech Day is most awful rot. I went out to tea with old Buncle again on Thursday with some other fellows; he has been awfully decent to me this term, and has given me a 'good'

for diligence in my half-term's report. You know Dad promised me a bike if I get a good report at the end of the term, and I've been wondering if I could have it now. I'm pretty sure to get another good report at the end of the term, and it would be very jolly to have the bike here now. I've hired one, two or three times, when Buncle has taken me and some other fellows out on expeditions; but it's beastly expensive work, and you can't get a decent machine. I see little White has given me a bad report for French; it was because I brought a puppy into his set. Nobody bothers about what he says, so I hope Dad will go by what Buncle and Billy put—you couldn't do any work for little White.

"By the bye, Buncle asked me if I would bring you and Loo to lunch with him when you came; I said I thought you would like to. I wish he'd said dinner, though, as I might have got off some prep. for him. Could you bring my small battery with you when you come? I left it in the nursery. I hope Dick hasn't got at it. Best love to all.

"Your loving son,
"T. N. CRAWFORD."

Stubbs's heart beat fast within him when the great day came; hours of bliss lay before him, for he would meet Miss Crawford at the Speech Day lunch at the headmaster's; he was going to dine with "Billy Martin" to meet them, and they were coming to lunch with him on the next day. But the bliss was not by any means unalloyed: in the first place, on the Monday that he left town, rightly judging that his tail-coat would be none the better for its immersion, he had gone to the tailor, and there, having in his mind the view of future meetings in London with the Crawfords, he had let himself be persuaded by a glib shopman into being measured for a grey frock coat and trousers. The suit had proved a great success, but it was so smart that Stubbs had never yet ventured to wear it in Tonbury, fearing the sensation that it might produce, and Sundays had still seen the old tail-coat, which had shrunk, and was more shabby than ever. Stubbs therefore was now placed on the horns of a dilemma; he could not appear, on such a grand occasion, before Miss Crawford, looking so shabby; but, on the other hand, he was very shy of the frock coat, for he was sensitively anxious not to "give himself away" before his colleagues, especially the

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suspicious individual who had probed his wound, and who unfortunately acted as introducer on these occasions.

Besides all this, he was keenly anxious to secure the privilege of taking Miss Crawford in to the luncheon. This was not very difficult, for the assembly gathered in the headmaster's garden, where all, except the notabilities, sorted themselves as they liked best, with what help they could procure from two or three embarrassed masters, who acted as stewards, and tried, with variable success, to pair off the bigwigs according to the programme. But, again, it had to be done with care, because of the lynx-eyed colleague, and there was the further anxiety lest, in the absence of another, politeness might compel him to offer his arm to Mrs. Crawford.

All these considerations so disturbed the poor man's mind that he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his attention fixed during school, and he gave marks so freely, and let his form go so early, that the general opinion was that "old Buncle must have got 'flu' or something."

On the way home he met the colleague we have mentioned, Sanders by name.

"Doing the lunch to-day, Stubbs?" said he.

"Yes," replied Stubbs, "I think so; I cut it last year, so I suppose I ought to put in an appearance this time."

"Any lady you'd like me to introduce you to?"

"No, thanks, I'll take my chance; 'tis better to endure those ills we have,' etc."

"That's just the advice I should give you; but you young Romeos are all the same! Well, well, I must trot."

After spending an hour in vain attempts to look over some papers, Stubbs went up to dress for the function. The scale had turned in his mind in favour of the frock coat, for he had reflected that his gown would shade its brilliancy; but when it was on, and he looked himself down bit by bit in his small looking-glass, his courage failed, and he would have changed his mind had it not been too late; for it was already a quarter to one—the time fixed for lunch—and if he were late Miss Crawford might be already partnered. The thought spurred him to haste; he hurried down into his room to get cap and gown, and found a friend waiting for him.

"My goodness, Stubbs," he cried with a shout of laughter, as the latter came in, "what gorgeous war-paint! Piccadilly

isn't in it! How long has this splendour been blushing unseen in your wardrobe?"

"Well," replied Stubbs, "I had to get a coat of some sort, and I thought I'd try a 'frock' this time. Are you coming down? We ought to be going."

"All right, if you like; but there's no hurry. I wish I were clad more worthily of your splendour, but I shall do as a foil. Won't it be hot? What a way to spend a grand summer day like this!"

"Yes, I do hate these functions," replied Stubbs; and as a general proposition this was true enough.

Fortune favours the brave, and Stubbs was soon rewarded for the valour of his choice as regards his clothes, for just as he reached the corner of the road leading up to Mr. Martin's house, who should appear coming down the road but that gentleman and his wife, escorting the Crawfords.

"Hullo, there are some people I know with Billy Martin," he said, vainly endeavouring to master his excitement. "I think I ought to go and say how d'ye do," and he marched off abruptly. His companion turned to look, and seeing that the people in question included a very pretty girl, evidently a sister of young Crawford, with whom she was walking, he murmured to himself: "Just so! *ἔπος ἀνίκαιε μάχαν*" and walked slowly on, pondering many things.

Lucy did indeed look charming in a pretty white dress and hat trimmed with green, which set off to perfection her dark hair and fresh complexion, and Tom's morbid anxiety as to how she would look had given place to a feeling of proud satisfaction.

"I say, Loo," he whispered, as Stubbs came up, "just look how old Buncle's got himself up. What awful sport!"

Lucy, however, was not sufficiently familiar with Stubbs's ordinary costume to be struck with the humour of the metamorphosis, and Stubbs had his reward, for his new clothes really suited him very well, and made him look quite a young man.

He was cordially greeted, and soon afterwards his mind was set at ease on the great question of the minute, by Mrs. Martin saying to him: "Will you take Miss Crawford in, Mr. Stubbs? My husband is going to take in Mrs. Crawford, and I expect Mr. Sanders has got somebody for me."

Stubbs replied that he would be delighted to have the honour; and it is to be hoped that the truth of that statement counted

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against the falsity of others that he had made that morning.

So they went on into the headmaster's garden, leaving Tom at the gate, more convinced than ever that "Speech Day was a beastly day for one's people to come down on," but buoyed up by the thought that he had extracted a promise that they would go down to Gobley's after the speeches and give him tea there, instead of returning to the headmaster's garden.

While Tom thought of the future, Stubbs was wholly engrossed in the present. He saw Sanders's amused glance rest upon him as he came into the garden, and he heard him whisper as he went by, "Your notion of taking your chance wasn't half a bad

idea." But he was lifted above such small considerations now that the wished-for time had come, and he smiled in reply without the vestige of a blush, and felt as much at ease as if he had worn a frock-coat all his life. In short, he was what Tom would have called "thoroughly on the spot," and Lucy found him most excellent company. He had travelled a good deal, and liked what he liked without reference to Baedeker, so that his opinions, even when they clashed with hers, had a freshness about them which engaged her interest. She, too, had been abroad once or twice, and, being a clever girl, had made the most of the opportunities which living in London had given her; consequently the conversation never flagged. They talked of pictures, and places, and incidents of travel with the never-failing interest which attaches to the interchange of ideas with new people. Stubbs's admiration knew no bounds: the dullest commonplaces from such a source would have pleased him; but to find that they had so

many tastes in common, so much of mutual interest to ask and tell, gave an additional zest to his delight, and never had any meal seemed so short and so pleasant as this Speech Day lunch, which usually caused him such *ennui*. Even the unobservant Mrs. Crawford noticed that they seemed to be getting on well together, while Sanders was lost in astonishment at the transformation of his friend; indeed, had not he noticed that Stubbs's tie was beginning to

surmount the collar in a manner which only Stubbs's tie was capable of, he would hardly have

believed that this was the same man who commonly sat on such occasions with a set "company" smile, the picture

of bored politeness.

Lucy, entirely unconscious of the ideas in the minds of those around her, was



THEY WENT INTO THE HEADMASTER'S GARDEN

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pleased to find that her companion, who had been placed high in her estimation by his conduct on the eventful Sunday in April, was so interesting. She felt, too, that she pleased him, and as there is nothing so pleasing as the sense of giving pleasure, she enjoyed herself thoroughly, and excited Tom's astonishment, when he met them at the door of Big School after the speeches, by declaring that she thought they were great fun.

The afternoon had been a great success, but in the evening poor Stubbs's fortune failed him. The Martins had taken the opportunity to give a large dinner-party, and his seniority assigned him to an older lady, while a sprightly and more juvenile colleague took in Miss Crawford. If lunch had never seemed so short, never had dinner seemed so long, as he sat consumed with jealous annoyance, and saw Miss Crawford laughing and talking with her neighbour, so near and yet so far. Meanwhile his own neighbour, who was connected with the school, having unsuccessfully plied him with platitudes on many subjects, took refuge in conversation about boys with whom they were mutually acquainted, till poor Stubbs, who hated nothing more than talking school "shop" with ladies, could have howled with vexation.

But all trials come to an end at last, and he managed to conceal his feelings even when his young colleague remarked to him quite innocently, as they went into the drawing-room: "What a jolly girl that Miss Crawford is: I haven't had such luck at a dinner-party for ages."

Stubbs was on fire with jealousy. He felt a vicious satisfaction when this same young man was asked to sing, and gave them "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" with so much more goodwill than skill, so loud in fact, and so out of tune, that Stubbs felt that it must break the spell, which his anxious heart imagined to be cast over the object of his affection by every personable man she met.

Dinner-parties at Tonbury always dissolved at an early hour, for all guests, who knew anything about school routine, were well aware that their host would have to be up early, and would probably have plenty to do before he went to bed; nor were they, as a rule, such fascinating entertainments as to make this custom in any way regrettable. On this occasion, however, it was very hard on poor Stubbs, who found himself compelled to follow the stream of de-

parting guests without having had a single opportunity in the whole of that most tantalising evening of talking to Miss Crawford. He had, however, one crumb of comfort, in that he was able to remind Mrs. Crawford that they were coming to lunch with him on the next day.

"I didn't understand that you were going to lunch with Mr. Stubbs to-morrow," said Mrs. Martin, when the last guest had gone. "That is indeed an honour."

"Why so particularly?" asked Lucy, laughing, "is it an innovation in Tonbury?"

"Oh, for most people it would be an ordinary thing; but I assure you for Mr. Stubbs it is quite a new departure: few indeed are the women who have passed the threshold of his sanctuary."

"Oh, dear! I hope we shall behave ourselves properly. Mother, dear, do you realise what is demanded of you?"

"I think Mr. Stubbs is an excellent young man," replied Mrs. Crawford inconsequently. "He has been most kind to dear Tom."

"And as Tom's kindred he delights to honour us," said Lucy. "We shall have to be careful or Tom will be getting proud."

She spoke laughing, but she was by no means insensible to the gratification which every woman feels at being singled out by one supposed to be indifferent to the sex; and for the first time the truth of the matter began to dawn upon her mind, though she did not pursue the thought to its logical conclusion.

Stubbs passed a feverish night. He was worried by the question whether he ought to ask in anyone else to meet the Crawfords: it seemed more the thing in a way; but, on the other hand, if there was no one else he would feel so much more at ease; besides, it would make him seem more like a family friend. These considerations carried so much weight that he finally determined not to call in a certain spy, a possible rival.

He released his form from the last morning lesson on the stroke of the clock, and hurried home to avoid being detained by any friend. Safely arrived, he went quickly round to see that everything was ready. The domestic who looked after his small establishment had risen to the occasion: in his study all papers had been tidied away with a thoroughness which at any other time would have thrown him into a frenzy, and the table in the little dining-

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room was adorned with a large blue vase into which had been thrust a mass of pinks. "Where on earth did she get that vase from?" he said to himself in horror; but there was no time to find out, so he contented himself with putting it on the side-board, and went to take up his position at his study window, where he could see down the road without being seen. The first person he noticed coming up the road was Sanders, in cap and gown.

"I hope he isn't coming to see me," he thought to himself, for some forty yards behind him on the road there appeared the Crawfords, escorted by Tom.

To his great annoyance Sanders turned in at the gate and ran upstairs into the room. Stubbs just had time to sit down in an arm-chair and snatch up the daily paper: he didn't somehow like to be seen looking out of the window, and felt as though he had been caught stealing something.

"Come for a bicycle ride this afternoon, Tubby?" said Sanders. "There's nothing particular on, and I want a good stretch after Speech Day."

"No; I don't think I will to-day. There's something wrong with my pedal, and it's rather uncomfortable."

"Borrow Sam's, then—I know he won't want it; you must have some exercise after your day out yesterday!"

"No; I don't think I will. I don't know what time I could get away—I've got some people coming to lunch," said poor Stubbs, trying hard to seem unconscious.

At this moment the door-bell rang.

"Oh-ho," said Sanders, "I see I'm *de trop*. Ta-ta." And he went down the stairs as the Crawfords came up.

Stubbs felt fluttered and annoyed, but he recovered himself when his guests came in.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crawford?" he said. "It's awfully good of you to come."

"Not at all, Mr. Stubbs; I wanted very much to have an opportunity of talking to you about Tom. What a pretty room you have got!" she continued; "and what nice china. Lucy, dear, isn't this a charming room?"

"Yes, delightful. My mother is devoted to old china, Mr. Stubbs," she went on, turning to him. "You must take care, or she will run off with your best pieces."

"Oh, I'm afraid I haven't got much to tempt the collector. I'm very ignorant about it, only I'm very fond of picking up odd bits here and there as I go about.

This is rather a curious cup and saucer that I got at a little shop near my home: perhaps you can tell me what it is, Mrs. Crawford?"

Mrs. Crawford examined and admired the pieces, but professed herself unable to give any account of them; she handed them to Lucy to look at. The latter unfortunately took the cup by the handle, not noticing that it had been mended, and as she turned it over to look at the bottom the handle came off and the cup fell to the ground and was broken.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry, Mr. Stubbs," she cried, kneeling down to pick up the pieces. "How very stupid of me!"

"Please don't bother about it, Miss Crawford," he replied. "It's of no consequence, I assure you; the handle must have been loose, and I should have broken it myself soon; it really doesn't matter."

"But I'm afraid it *does* matter," replied poor Lucy in great distress, "breaking your favourite piece of china: you must let me take the pieces to Wanham's in Bond Street to be put together. It's the only reparation I can make for my stupidity."

"I couldn't think of letting you bother yourself about it—I'm sure I can manage it."

Lucy, however, being backed up by her mother, insisted, greatly to Stubbs's secret pleasure; and the fragments were carefully done up in a little box.

There were very few people with whom Stubbs would not have felt annoyed for breaking this cup, of which he was particularly proud. Lucy, however, might have trampled on all his household gods without giving him anything but pleasure; consequently, instead of experiencing any vexation, he only felt glad at the opportunity of showing his magnanimity, and the lunch passed off very pleasantly. Moreover, a pleasant surprise was in store for him: the talk had turned on the difficulty of finding places for the summer holidays which would suit all tastes. Mrs. Crawford said that they were going down again to a house near Tavistock, a previous visit to the neighbourhood having proved a great success.

"You see, we're all content down there," said Lucy. "My father plays golf all day long, mother drives about to see old friends, and Tom spends his time trying to entice fish to let themselves be caught."

"I caught a lot last year, sir," broke in Tom, "only they were rather small, most of them."

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"And what do you do yourself, Miss Crawford?" asked Stubbs.

"I? Oh, I take a paint-box and try to sketch. It's a great waste of paper, but I enjoy it."

"Lucy, dear, you sketch very nicely," said Mrs. Crawford. "My old home was close to Tavistock, Mr. Stubbs. Do you know that part?"

"Yes, fairly well. I'm very fond of Dartmoor; in fact, I am going to do some walking down there this summer," he added, as a happy inspiration seized him.

"Are you really? Then I hope you'll come round by Tavistock and see us; we should be so pleased if you could."

"Yes, do come, sir," said Tom. "I can show you some capital places, if you care for fishing."

"I'm afraid I'm no fisherman; but I should like to come, of all things," replied Stubbs.

"I warn you that you will have no peace from my father and Tom," said Lucy, "till you have been converted either to golf or fishing. I led a terrible life till they both gave me up in despair."

"You couldn't expect a girl to care about fishing," murmured Tom.

"Mr. Stubbs shall do just what he likes," said Mrs. Crawford. "You must write and fix a day," she continued. "We shall be there till the middle of September."

So Stubbs had this pleasant prospect to buoy him up when the Crawfords had gone back to town by an afternoon train, and he was left a prey to the reaction following on the excitement of the last two days. As the means of attaining his object came more and more to hand, the hope of ultimate success seemed to dwindle, and what had appeared possible when all was in the air grew quite absurd now that some of his airy schemes were crystallising into fact. Twist things how he might, the stern fact that he was a plain-looking man, twenty years older than she was, seemed to lay an icy hand on his budding hopes, and many a time did he vainly wish that he were younger and more handsome. But if the irrevocable years had laid their hand on his person, his feelings glowed with all the ardour of youth, and he was afflicted with all the symptoms of young love. Ah! if Sanders had but seen him wrapped in reverie while he traced the magic initials "L. C." on sheets of paper, or wrote with trembling hand "Lucy Crawford," and

then with beating heart substituted the magic word "Stubbs" for "Crawford"; if he had found some of those laboured lyrics, wherein he passionately asked why Spring should heed the broken heart of Winter; then indeed would Tonbury have enjoyed a fresh spring of amusement which would have vied with the perennial stream of examination mistakes. But Stubbs kept a smiling face to his friends, and endured the inevitable chaff after Speech Day with such nonchalance that it soon died away, and no one guessed the rapture with which he greeted a certain letter which arrived one morning with a small parcel. The parcel contained the mended tea-cup, the letter a few lines from Lucy to hope that it would arrive safely, and that he would forget her clumsiness in breaking it. It was an ordinary little note, but it afforded Stubbs the most intense pleasure, and he read it over and over again till every word was engraved on his memory.

His answer caused him much anxious thought, for he was torn by the desire of expressing his feelings, while at the same time he was afraid of making himself ludicrous by overstepping the mark. It seemed easier on the whole to deliver a compliment in verse, and at last he managed to get something that he thought would do. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MISS CRAWFORD,—

"My little cup, if it can boast
Of any worth at all,
Unlike our great progenitors,
Has gained it by its fall.

"I used to prize it just because
I did not know its maker;
Mended, it now recalls to me
The kindness of its breaker.

"And sooner now than I should break
This very precious token,
I'd wish that every single piece
That I possess was broken.

"Yours very truly,

"R. J. STUBBS."

A veracious chronicler must record the facts that he kissed the letter before he posted it, and that he kept with the letter he had received a copy of his reply with a fourth verse added:

"Would that the hand that mended it
With such consummate art
Would deign to use its healing power
Upon my broken heart!"

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He forgot that the hand that mended the cup lived in a shop in Bond Street!

IV

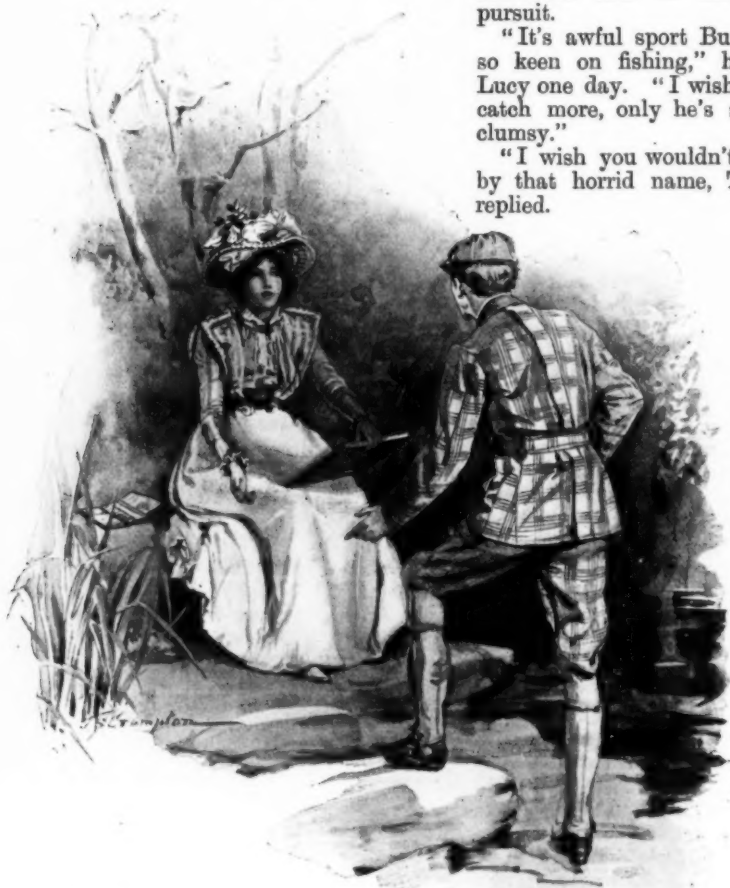
A few weeks later found Stubbs staying near Tavistock with the Crawfords. It was a period of painful pleasure to him: he saw a great deal of Lucy, for he had wisely taken up fishing in preference to golf, much

deal, for on fine days the three would have their lunch together by the stream, and walk home together in the evening. Lucy was as charming and pleasant as ever, but poor Stubbs could not get a notion as to whether she understood the state of his mind; and he shrank from destroying by some rash word the airy castles which were everything to him.

Tom was delighted at having apparently converted him to his favourite pursuit.

"It's awful sport Buncle being so keen on fishing," he said to Lucy one day. "I wish he could catch more, only he's so beastly clumsy."

"I wish you wouldn't call him by that horrid name, Tom," she replied.



"LUCY," HE CRIED:

"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

as he disliked both, and Lucy would often start out with him and Tom and spend her day sketching while they fished. Stubbs rarely caught anything, and it was very tantalising that appearances should compel him to feign an interest in the sport; but at any rate it led to seeing Lucy a good

"What! not call him Buncle? Whatever else could one call him?"

"I suppose it wouldn't be impossible to call him by his proper name, instead of that vulgar nickname."

"What a rum 'un you are, Loo; why, everyone calls him Buncle!" And Tom was

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left to ponder on yet another instance of the incomprehensibility of girls.

It was a splendid August day, far too fine for any chance of catching fish. Stubbs, however, had professed himself very anxious to try his luck, and he and Lucy and Tom had driven to the bottom of a valley some three miles off. It was a beautiful coombe, where, between steep sides covered with gorse, the stream rushed down among delicious pools and cascades.

Lucy had taken up her sketching position by some rocks close to the stream, and Stubbs and Tom had begun to fish. They had been occupied thus for about an hour, when Stubbs put down his rod and made his way to where Lucy was sketching.

"I hope your sketching has begun more prosperously than my fishing, Miss Crawford," he said, as he approached.

"Then I'm afraid we are both unsuccessful this morning," she replied. "I can't get anything to look right. Have you given up your task in despair? I thought you were so anxious to fish!"

"I wasn't, really," he replied. "Only I enjoy these little expeditions so much that I'm afraid I pretended to be!"

There was a pause: she went on sketching without looking at him.

"How has Tom been getting on?" she said, after a moment. "Has he caught anything?"

"I don't know; I shouldn't think so—it's so sunny."

"Yes, it's a glorious day for anything but fishing," she said. "How jolly it would be to have a cottage up here."

"Yes; wouldn't it? Your mother has asked me to stay till Monday," he continued inconsequently; "but I don't know if I ought."

"I'm afraid you've soon got tired of fishing," said Lucy nervously

"No, it isn't that, Miss Crawford."

There was another pause. She was dashing in a thick wash of green over the whole sketch, without regard to land or sky; but Stubbs didn't notice that: his eyes were fixed on her face, and he heard his heart thumping like a hammer.

"I'm afraid that if I don't go away I might make a fool of myself," he murmured at last. There was no answer, but she lifted her eyes towards him for a minute.

"Lucy," he cried, starting forward as their eyes met. "Is it possible?"

"Of course it is!" she whispered, dropping the murdered sketch, and holding out her hands to him.

An hour later Tom appeared on the scene.

"Hullo," he cried, "have you started lunch already? Have you caught anything, sir?"

"Yes," replied Stubbs, laughing, and looking at Lucy, "beyond my wildest hopes."

"Really, sir—where are they? Any of them big?"

"No; I've not caught any fish, Tom. I shall hang up my rod now as a votive offering."

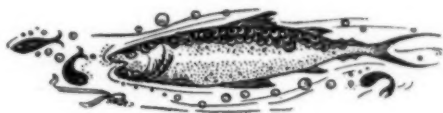
"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that your sister has promised to marry me. Won't you congratulate me?"

Tom stopped a moment in amazement, uttered a loud whoop, and rushed to embrace his sister. A few minutes afterwards, reckless of lunch, he was tearing back home to tell the exciting tidings.

"He's an awfully decent sort when you get to know him," he said to himself, as he went. "But just fancy Loo falling in love with him! What rum uns girls are! I wonder what the fellows will think!"

H. C. BRADBY.



Hats and their Making



hats, and that forty years or so ago it was the hatter's indispensable tool.

In those days hat-making was mostly a home industry, and when there was a strike on—as there often was in the springtime—the emissaries of the union would go round and collect the bows from the cottages, that no work should be done; and the giving back of the bow, like the returning of the sword, was a sign that the old work could be resumed with honour.

Here is a picture of one of these bows. It is about seven feet long and, though



strung with catgut, was not drawn to and fro to give a sound, but was twanged amid the heap of cut fur, of which the felt was to be made, so as to cause the filaments to start up at the vibration and fall away widely spread and evenly distributed. The process—akin to that formerly used in separating cotton from the seeds—was common to all felt-making; the object being to get the material so lightly mixed that the serratures on each hair of the fur should interlock when the pressure came. Thus, by “bowing,” and “gathering,” and “patting,” was formed the loose felt called the “bat,” which eventually became the hat.

Felt hats are not made in that way now, but they were so for a great many years. Machinery took a long time getting into the trade, but, once in, it made way rapidly, and

the “fur-former” soon displaced the bow, as did other machines the other hand tools. In short, there was a sort of boom in hat-making machinery; and now we are sending it abroad in large quantities that other nations may make their own hats and undersell us in those new markets where buyers are so easily pleased with non-essentials, and think less of the hat than the package it came in. Even in Japan there is a felt-hat factory, which, having no travellers, has taken a hint from the cattle trade in having periodical auction sales, and knocking down its stock to the highest bidders.

In England the trade flourishes chiefly in the outskirts of Manchester. Denton has made hats for ages. Oldham once made hats, but cotton crowded them out and they moved on to Stockport, where they are crowding out the cotton. Hyde makes hats; so does Bury. And Denton, Stockport, Hyde, and Bury all have technical schools teaching hatting, evidently intending to keep the trade as long as they can.

It is a trade with interesting features, at present somewhat under a cloud in its home departments owing to fashion among the multitude running so much on caps. It is not the hat factories that are busy now, but the cap factories, some of which are turning out 5,000 dozens a week. Cappers seem to go on working all the year round; hatters do little in the winter, their season being from spring to autumn, when they are working overtime on the patterns that by a slight difference in the shape of the crown or the least bit of an extra curve in the brim have happened to catch the public taste.

As the cap is displacing the hat, so is the felt hat displacing the silk hat, and yet, here and there, an unexpected run will occur on silk hats. In Leeds, for instance, the one silk-hat factory had quite a rush a few months ago, to the great joy of the cigar shops. And why? Because silk hats led to a craze for frock-coats as being the appropriate wear with them, and, as with a silk-hat and frock-coat a pipe was evidently out of keeping, the curious consequence was an epidemic of cigar-smoking, which is still spreading in factory towns among men who

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only sport "toppers" at funerals, and then hire them out at sixpence an hour.

Felt hats, hard or soft, are of three kinds: those made of fur, which are the best; those made of wool, which are the cheapest; and those that are "veneered" with a thin coating of fur, on a basis of wool, which look like one thing and are really the other. Thus it comes about that the substances in which a hatter is most interested are furs, wool, and shellac. There is shellac in every man's hat and in all good felts there is fur. The shellac—fine orange, second orange, garnet and button—comes mostly from Caledutta; the furs—in order of quality, Turkish hare, Saxony hare, musk-rat, English hare, rabbit—mostly rabbit—come in small quantities from Ostend and in enormous quantities from Australasia.

These furs are shorn, and it is the undercoat of fine filaments which the hatter deals with, storing them in their different



qualities and blending them to suit his purposes. To begin with, however, he has to clean them, and to do this he passes them through a machine called a "picker," in which the fur is fed on to a travelling cloth, whence its flocks are divided and blown up to another chamber and then to another; for there is a good deal that is pneumatic in the manufacture of felt. The blending takes place in the "fur mixer," consisting essentially of a feed roller and a card roller, from which the fur is blown up into a box, whence it drops on to a creeper cloth that carries it along.

Having mixed his material in this way, he weighs out just so much of it as will make one hat, and places it in his most characteristic machine. This is the "fur former," recognisable at once by its copper cone like a large thimble, which is perforated with fine holes and has within it a fan causing a strong down-draught that is peculiarly attractive. The fur, when fed into this machine, passes between card and

brush rollers, and from the brush is blown through a trunk with tapering sides that aims it straight at the slowly revolving cone, which sucks it on and keeps it on by suction till it carries the whole charge in the form of a light flocculent wrapper. Thus it is true that our hats are blown together—to begin with at all events—and an interesting operation it is, which naturally appeared a bold innovation to the old twangers of the bow, though it is difficult to say which is the more ingenious, the new style or the old.

The cone is then removed with its burden and another cone takes its place to be coated with the material for another hat. The "body," as the fur on the cone is called, is wetted and taken off and placed between cloths to be "hardened" by being gently rolled by women; and it is next given enough consistency to be handled and stretched by running it through a sort of mangle called the "settling machine," having three rollers, one of which is of copper and heated by steam. It is now ready for the "crank bumper," in which a number of bodies are placed at a time to be bumped against each other and practically kneaded into a more felty state. Here they stay for some time, and from it they are run through the "twisting machine" to still further felt them.

The felt body—for felt it now undoubtedly is—has next to be brushed and cleaned, which is done by an arrangement of four rollers, two covered with indiarubber travelling at fifty revolutions a minute, and two brush rollers which travel ten times as fast. Into these the felt is fed, and as it passes through it is held back by the cling of the rubber and cleaned by



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the bristles. Then the body is stretched on a wooden "coning block" to make it shapely, and has its surface smoothed with sandpaper on a lathe, and is "proofed"—that is stiffened—with shellac, being dried and then heated by steam again to drive the stiffening into the fabric, and then dried again, to be mordanted for an hour and then dyed. And up to here—except in respect of cheaper qualities which are dyed at a later stage—it has been merely a cone and borne no resemblance to any hat, unless it be that of the Polish Casimir admired by Carlyle, "a hat of enviable softness; loose disk of felt flung carelessly on, almost like a nightcap artificially extended—so admirably soft."

To get it into shape it is first "tipped," that is, pulled out to form the crown. Then when on the block a string is tied round it some distance down, and from under this



the brim is pulled up. Then it is placed in a cast-iron mould and pressed into shape, and finished in a vertical lathe like a potter's wheel, in which it is sandpapered and "veloured," that is, rubbed with a velvet pad;

and, to finish the brim, it passes through a "curling press," from which it goes to be trimmed and veloured again, to remove the finger-marks and polish it up for sale.

Of course the final processes depend on whether the hat is to be soft, flexible, or stiff. For wool hats the processes are the same from the bumping onwards, the earlier stages being—the carding of the wool; the making of the body by winding two slivers crossing and recrossing on a double conical block; the "forming" by dancing on four cones the double cone, which makes two hats; and then the hardening, and the pounding for hours in the "tap-pit bumper," in a huge pit with dozens of other bodies. In veneering the same processes are gone through, the body being made of wool or common fur, and then thinly coated with the fur which is too short for any other purpose, and used to go as waste.

Who wore the first felt hat? There is

one on a statue of Endymion at the British Museum, but hats and felt must be much older than that. The patron saint of the hatters is St. Clement, who is declared to have discovered felt by stuffing carded wool



in his sandals to keep his feet easy on his pilgrimage, and finding to his astonishment, when he found a spare moment to think of such a trifle, that the wool had become a solid slab. At the best this is an invention of felt socks and not of felt hats; but we can dismiss it as legendary, like so many things appertaining to this saint, or pair of saints with similar names—such as that valuable water-right he originated in the Tauric mines, and that remarkable anchor, still conspicuous in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, to which he was tied and thrown into the sea that, appropriately enough, flowed back every year to reveal him in his marble monument high and dry



on the strand. And we can also dismiss as an obvious plagiarism the other version which ascribes the discovery to an English monarch who put wool into his boots to keep his feet warm.

Felt was known to the Greeks; it was

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known to the Scythians; the Tartars made their cloaks and tents of it; the Persians, the Turcomans, and some of the Siberian tribes have used it for ages. Possibly it was of Asiatic origin and reached Europe during the Crusades. Anyhow, we are told



that the felt petasus of Mercury is represented in the red hat of the cardinals introduced by Innocent IV in the thirteenth century, and felt hats—but not red ones—were then undoubtedly common on the Con-

tinent. When they crossed the Channel is not clear, but in 1510 we hear of high felt hats being made in London by Spaniards, and from these both top-hats and pot-hats have evidently come.

A hat is defined as a cap with a brim. Sometimes there has been very little brim and sometimes very little cap. In the days of Elizabeth it was nearly all cap, both here and on the Continent. Look at the portraits of the Armada heroes; see what a hat was worn by Henry of Navarre; or still better, as giving the line for our silk hat, look at the cylinders worn at the funeral of Archduke Charles II of Steiermark in 1590. But towards the end of her reign the brim had grown a bit, and it went on growing until in the days of Charles II it had got so wide that it had to be looped up. Thus the cocked hat appeared on the scene,



first with one cock, then with two—whence the naval and military cocked hat of to-day—then with three. And many were the varieties of the three—the Monmouth, the Brigadier, the Ramillies, the Regent, the Frederick, the Khevenhuller, the

Military, the Hunting—every pattern had its day. But about 1780, when the hatter's ingenuity had been exhausted and the changes had been rung till they were wearisome, the round hat, which had appeared amongst the people some thirty years before, rapidly be-

came fashionable; and in 1790 the cocked hat went out, to be replaced by a novelty that had come to stay for some considerable time.

While the Court gallants of King James lowered their crowns and widened their brims, the Puritans kept their crowns high; and thus on the heads of the Pilgrim Fathers the tall hat went to America, where its top grew flatter, its brim narrower, and its beaver more fluffy. When the War of Independence broke out, Benjamin Franklin appeared in Paris in the New England chimney-pot, and it was at once adopted by the French as "anti-English," a "symbol of liberty," and so forth. For some years the French had the monopoly of it, and thence onwards it became the usual wear. Even Bonaparte is reported to have worn one—imagine the Little Corporal in a stove-pipe hat!

Having got acclimatised in France it spread about Europe, and eventually made its way over here, at first as the sign of a party, to be adopted by the other party—as primroses have been—by way of minimising its meaning—and thus it became general among people who simply wanted to be in the fashion, and cared for no symbolism whatever. Time,



however, in one of its customary revenges, gradually restricted its use to the more favoured classes and their imitators, so that now the tall hat is in the eyes of certain of the multitude the symbol of anything but what they call democracy.

These, be it understood, were beaver hats. The first appearance—or, to be safe, let us say an early appearance—of the silk hat in the world was on January 15, 1797, when Mr. John Hetherington, haberdasher, of the Strand, walked out into that well-known thoroughfare wearing a new silk hat of his own invention. The hat was soon noticed, a crowd gathered around him as he walked, the crowd became an unruly mob, and he was marched up to Bow Street and there charged with inciting to riot, and had to give bonds for £500 not to wear that hat again. The decision awoke the wrath of *The Times*, which judiciously observed that anyone attempting to improve a hideous headgear

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ought rather to be encouraged than condemned, and that it was the crowd that should have been interfered with and not the haberdasher; but we hear no more of Hetherington's hat.

For forty years more beaver continued to be principally used, and it was not until the great strike of January 1841 that the silk



hat began to be popular — much to the dismay of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose beaver furs remained unsold, and to the disgust of the Denton

hatters, who found their strike had brought ruin on themselves by letting in the hat they knew not how to make. As wiser and sadder men, however, they soon learnt; and, now that fashion has again changed, Denton and London are the only places where silk hats are largely manufactured.

There is a great difference between the making of a silk hat and of a felt hat, though in the old days the beavers used to be made on felt bodies. The modern silk hat has more of a millinery touch about it than the felt. It is made on a wooden block, built up of five pieces so as to come out of the hat when finished as easily as a last comes out of a boot. On this block a single layer of gossamer muslin is placed and stiffened by having shellac ironed into it, and then another layer is ironed on, and then another, thus forming a tough and rigid foundation.

The brim is of rather stronger material, stretched on a frame and rubbed with shellac in solution, there being in ordinary hats two or three layers of this, and in livery hats, with extra strong brims, perhaps as many as seven, each allowed to dry before the other is placed on it, so that the stuff when finished is like thin strong cardboard. This is cut into rough squares, and in each square is made a hole just a little smaller than the body of the hat, to ensure its edge turning up in a narrow flange when it is pressed down over it. At this stage the brim is quite flat, and by the flange it is attached to the cylinder or upright part, a hot iron being passed round it so as to make the shellac stick like glue.

As the woman's bonnet-shape is covered with velvet, so the man's hat is covered with silk plush, hitherto of French manufacture, which may cost twelve shillings a yard. This is cut on the bias and so neatly sewn into a bag that the joins are almost invisible. The plush bag is drawn down over the body on the block by means of a wire, and the brim being covered with similar material the join takes place while the wire holds the bag in position. Then the plush is brushed and ironed and smoothed so as to hide all trace of the junctions; the flat brim is heated and shaped by hand by the artist of the shop; and then come the binding and the lining. Thus, there is a good deal of very neat work in tall hats, and considering the amount of muslin, twill, shellac, plush, paper, silk, and leather there is in them, it is remarkable how light they are, many of the best weighing under a quarter of a pound.

Why the silk hat lasts is a mystery. Some people tell us that it is because it protects the head from a blow with a stick, others that the air space protects the head from the sun. But notwithstanding these rather questionable claims, it is only in the nature of things that it will in time change away into something that will be hardly recognisable as having come from it; or it may go as quickly as its white variety is going, which no fashionable man will now wear on a racecourse except on the Oaks Day.

It is certainly not a graceful head covering. We know of no statue with a high hat—but stay, there is Oswald's in Glasgow, in which he is holding his hat out like the distressed artist, who, too proud to speak, used to call on his friends and ceremoniously remove his dilapidated chimney-pot in such a way that the friend could not possibly help seeing the inscription in large letters within it, which inscription was the mute appeal—"Could you kindly lend me half-a-crown?"



W. J. GORDON.

The Youngest Cabinet Minister in the British Empire



THE HON. W. A. WATT, POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF VICTORIA

TO have attained Cabinet rank in a leading British Colony at the age of twenty-eight, and within two years after entering Parliament, is no mean achievement, even in these days of the advancement of young men; yet this is the record of the Honourable William Alexander Watt, Postmaster-General of Victoria.

When the ministry of Sir George Turner was displaced, after having held office for more than five years, the task of forming a new Government was entrusted by the Governor, Lord Brassey, to the Hon. Allan McLean, whose loyal response, as Premier, to the call for a second contingent of Australian troops elicited warm approval in England, and was specially commended by

the London "Spectator," as a model reply to the Empire's appeal.

Mr. McLean is a Scotsman, shrewd, cautious, and farseeing—a man of great experience and a keen judge of men; but it was with some measure of surprise that the public learned that he had entrusted the arduous position of Postmaster-General to the youngest member of the House.

Since then the ministry have successfully completed their first session, and are now in the calm waters of the recess, engaged upon the important work of preparing for the first elections to the Australian Federal Parliament.

The young minister's appointment has been amply justified, and by his firm administration and all-round ability in conducting

The Youngest Cabinet Minister in the British Empire



MAIL DAY AT THE MELBOURNE G.P.O. BRINGING IN THE ENGLISH MAIL

the affairs of his department, he has already earned the warm approval of the community.

Mr. Watt is an Australian by birth, having been born in the picturesque country town of Kyneton, which is situated some fifty miles north of the capital on the main line of railway to the famous golden city of Bendigo, and enjoys the distinction of being the most English-looking place in Victoria. Walking through its streets, with English trees planted on every side, or looking from the bridge upon its pleasant little river, the Campaspe, lined with splendid overarching willows, it is not difficult to imagine oneself in such a town as Bedford.

But though born inland, Mr. Watt has spent the greater part of his life in Melbourne, where, before he entered the Legislature, he was engaged in commercial pursuits.

He is a man of medium height, of powerful build, and with a somewhat stern but strong and clean-shaven face. So strongly marked are his features that, in certain lights and at a distance, the face appears almost too forceful for so young a man; but he has early made acquaintance with sorrow. Five years ago he married one of the most amiable and gentle of Australia's daughters, and in a few short months placed her in the

grave. Experiences of this sort leave their mark.

During the earlier years of his life he manifested the bent of his mind in a striking manner by his constant attendance at political meetings whenever an election was in progress. Young as he was, wherever a speech was being delivered, he was there, and he tells, with considerable amusement now, an incident of his youth when he could not have attained a maturer age than thirteen years. During a contest for the seat which he himself now holds, he was greatly impressed with the fiery eloquence of one of the candidates—an elderly

Englishman of the pronounced John Bull type. So moved was he, that, on returning home, he wrote a stirring poem on the election, and circulated it amongst his friends, urging them to vote for his favourite and prophesying his triumphant return. To his disgust the forecast was a failure, for the candidate was at the bottom of the poll; but it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that, since taking the Postmaster-General's chair, Mr. Watt has received a deputation headed by this gentleman, who now resides in a country town, and had the pleasure of recalling the incident with him.

Not only did he persistently attend election meetings, but he early determined to reach the Legislature on his own account; and recognising that, in the colonies at least, many men have been floated into the House on a wave of popular enthusiasm, with practically no experience, he resolved to prepare himself by assiduous study, and he had acquired a most respectable parliamentary library long before he became a member.

So anxious was he to improve himself and others also, and so clearly did he see that good debating power is brought out by constant practice, that he gathered a circle of his young men friends in his home, and for some years they were accustomed to

The Youngest Cabinet Minister in the British Empire

meet weekly for the discussion of political and social questions.

Mr. Watt is a singularly effective speaker, and already ranks as one of the foremost platform orators in colonial public life. He has a clear and deep voice, capable of filling the largest building; but he exercises judgment in the use of it.

The type of oratory most favoured amongst native Australians is that of the Hon. Alfred Deakin, the late Chief Secretary of Victoria, a gentleman with a graceful style, but with a flow of speech of such extraordinary rapidity as to be at once a tax upon the hearer and the despair of a reporter.

Mr. Watt has avoided this. He can be heard with ease and pleasure, and his delivery is neither too deliberate nor too fast.

In holding a crowd in the open air he is perhaps at his best, and more especially if a section of the crowd be hostile. He can preserve his equanimity under attack, and wait his time to answer an interjector. When the interjector has been specially offensive, the answer he gets generally sends him home at an early stage of the proceedings.

While exceedingly popular in his constituency and in Parliament, Mr. Watt is a

man of the quietest tastes in private, and in his devotion to an aged mother sets an example of the worthiest kind. He shares with some half-dozen others the honour of being one of the total abstinence members of the House, but in his attachment to the fragrant weed he might almost rival Oom Paul himself.

It was in connection with the Australian Natives' Association that he first came into prominence as a public man. The A.N.A., to give the Association its popular title, was founded on April 24, 1877, when a meeting was held in Melbourne for the purpose of forming a society of native-born Australians. The Association began in a small way, and has been from its inception both a national and a benefit institution. For some years its progress was slow, but the foundations were laid by men who were in earnest, and who held on in spite of discouragement.

To-day the A.N.A. occupies a commanding position in the political and social life of the country. It has a large and increasing membership, and has extended its branches to several of the other colonies, while from its ranks the men who are being elected to the Legislature are being recruited in ever-growing numbers. In one ministry alone, no less than six members of the Cabinet were Australian natives.



SORTING THE ENGLISH MAIL

The Youngest Cabinet Minister in the British Empire

Sir George Turner, the late Premier of Victoria, who represented the colony at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and received the high honour of a Privy Councillorship, was one of the original members of the A.N.A.; while Mr. Deakin, the acknowledged leader of the Federation movement, and Mr. J. L. Purves, Q.C., Victoria's eloquent barrister, are amongst its most distinguished ornaments.

It was in prosecuting the National movement last year that the Association did its best work. By persistent effort in the Federal cause, and by the splendid advocacy of its members both on the platform and in the press, it was able to achieve the magnificent result by which, with a triumphant vote, the Colonies carried the Act of Union.

The North Melbourne section, of which Mr. Watt has been for many years a member, has the honour of being the largest metropolitan branch, and in 1895 he was elected its president. Two years from that date he became member for the town in the Legislative Assembly, being at once chosen to move the address in reply to the Governor's speech, and, two years later, accepted ministerial office; thus establishing a record in Parliamentary advancement unequalled in Australia.

The Melbourne General Post-Office is a fine three-storeyed building, standing at the

corner of Bourke and Elizabeth Streets, in the heart of the city. It is the centre of the postal system of Victoria, and from the minister's room on the first floor Mr. Watt controls this important branch of the public service. While of modest proportions when compared with the gigantic operations of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the volume of business is of more than respectable dimensions, for there are over 4,320 persons in the service of the department, dealing annually with a total of 24,813,853 letters, newspapers, and packets, while the expenditure amounts to £510,927.

The young minister has progressive ideas on the subject of postal business, and it is hoped that during his term of office something definite will be done to bring Victoria and the rest of Australia into line with the mother country on the question of penny postage.

His latest official act has been to authorise a special issue of war stamps for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund. The Agent-General, Sir Andrew Clarke, has cabled for a portion of the issue to be sent home to London, and it is anticipated that the Fund will benefit to the extent of £3,600.

With a career so auspiciously begun, and with a continuance of robust health, there is no position in the future political life of Australia unattainable by the subject of our sketch.

ARTHUR J. WADE.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: CONVOY OF AMMUNITION CROSSING A DRIFT WITH BOER ESCORT

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

What knight or what vassal will be so bold
As to plunge in the gulf below?
See! I hurl'd in its depths a goblet of gold,
Already the waters over it flow.
The man who can bring back the goblet to me
May keep it henceforward—his own it shall be."

SCHILLER'S *Diver*.

FOR the recovery of treasure from the deep men have dived from time immemorial, and the knowledge of this art has given us a most important industry in pearl fishing. The subject is a fascinating one; and, while this article treats more especially of the diver who indulges his fancy for exhibition purposes, still, a brief account of the feats accomplished by pearl divers and other natural divers who dive to recover valuables may not be uninteresting by way of a preface.

Doubtless in very early ages the lake-dwellers, and our progenitors who lived by the world's great waterways, were efficient swimmers and divers, and classic lore is full of descriptions of real or imaginary divers whose feats, looked at in the light of latter-day knowledge, were truly astonishing. We hear of the diver, Nicolo Pesee, a Sicilian, who explored the terrible Gulf of Charybdis, remaining under water for over an hour, the occasion of his stay being to

search for a golden vase which King Frederick had cast into the turbulent waters. Schiller has immortalised this feat in a poem, an extract from which is placed at the head of this article. When we know, however, that a natural diver's stay under water is limited—according to timed records—to considerably less than five minutes, we must conclude that the element of fiction has entered largely into these ancient diving accounts. According to authentic statements, one and one-half minute is the longest dive on record in reference to the Ceylon banks; and there is no authority to support assertions to the effect that pearl divers have remained under water as long as six minutes.

Indian pearl divers are, practically, reared on the water, and only become efficient after years of careful training. The Sulio

race, the most expert of this class of men, spend months in their boats on the water, wandering about with their families, and being veritable "sea gipsies," or "tan Bajans"—toilers of the sea—as their fellow-countrymen term them. In diving, these men enter the water head first, and remain for about eighty seconds below the surface; often descending, however, in this limited time to great depths, sometimes a hundred feet and more. The divers are usually divided

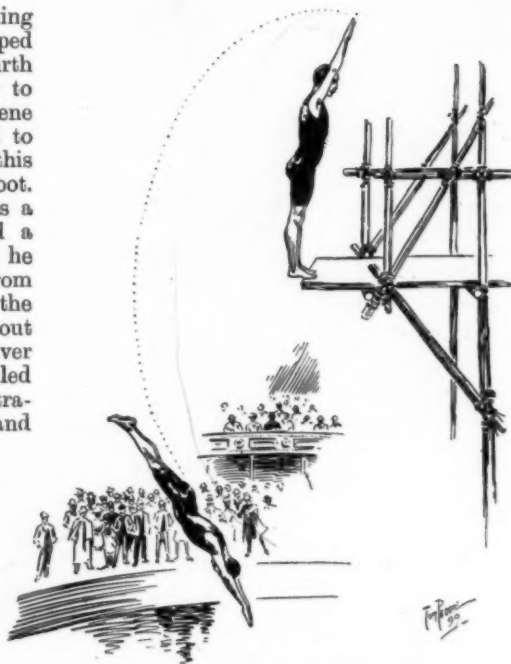


NATIVE PEARL DIVER, CEYLON

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

into two parties in the boats, one working while the other is resting. Pyramidal-shaped granite stones, weighing about one-fourth of a hundredweight, are used, in order to enable the diver to quickly reach the scene of his operations. A rope is fastened to each stone, a loop being placed in this rope into which the diver slips his foot. Around his neck the pearl diver carries a rimmed net bag, to which is fastened a second and smaller rope. As soon as he reaches the bottom he throws himself from the stone and begins collecting oysters, the average "bag" per descent being about forty shells. The bag being filled, the diver gives the signal, and is immediately hauled to the surface. Divers at the West Australian fisheries enter the water feet first and then swim down; they do not take bags with them, depending upon bringing up the shells in their hands. The usual depths of the pearl banks are from five to eight fathoms—thirty to forty-eight feet.

It seems that in the pearl fisheries the natural diver is more expert than one employing artificial means. In a report of Mr. A. M. Ferguson, C.M.G., to the "Ceylon Observer," a few years ago, it was stated that the diver "with the air-pump and dress only worked one day with it, when he only sent up 1,500 oysters, and now, without the dress, he is sending up from 2,500 to 3,000 oysters per day; so that



BACK DIVE, FIFTY-FIVE FEET. A FAVOURITE
SWEDISH DIVE

helmet dress and air-pump are not calculated to succeed at pearl diving." Among the Indian pearl fishers very curious rites exist for exorcising sharks, there being a "pittal barras" on each boat, whose duty it is to pray that the divers may not be visited by those voracious monsters of the deep, their incantations being supplemented by charms of fantastic character.

In the class of diving alluded to above, there are two main difficulties to be encountered: one is the liability to injury to the ears, chest, and lungs, from pressure; the other is the forcing of water up into the cavities of the head. Certain pearl divers place clips on their nostrils so as to keep them closed, and others stop up the ears. Another inconvenience to the natural diver is the alteration of temperature as he descends. Pearl divers find the water extremely cold at six or eight fathoms depth (thirty-six or forty-eight feet), and the abstraction of bodily heat has frequently led to fatalities. When a diver comes up he is glad to rest for a few minutes in the sun, and to inhale deep into his lungs the good fresh air. Lieutenant Hardy, R.N., who attempted deep diving in Mexico, when



BACKWARD SOMERSAULT, FORTY-FIVE FEET,
COAST OF SWEDEN

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

he was sent out to report upon the coral and pearl fisheries, gives a graphic account of his sensations on first essaying deep diving. Among other things he says:

"In my first attempt I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface; but by degrees I got down two or three fathoms (twelve or eighteen feet), at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed instrument being violently forced into that organ. . . . The change of temperature from hot to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating further into the silent dominions. . . . At the

depth of six or seven fathoms I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom with a facility I had thought unattainable. I no sooner found myself at the surface again, than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth; I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it."

It will thus be seen that the experiences of a natural diver are anything but pleasant, especially if a great depth be attempted. If Lieutenant Hardy at a depth of six or seven fathoms experienced such pain, what must be the sensations of a diver at twice or three times the distance from the surface?

Native divers in the South Pacific Islands and in the South Sea are very expert. They not only jump from great heights, but also are very persistent in recovering treasure and articles of utility from the bottom. I know of some South Sea Islanders who happened to lose from a vessel an anvil. The implement was too heavy to raise directly, so a number of divers, taking advantage of the shelving bottom of the sea at the point at which the anvil had fallen, dived down, and after many days succeeded in literally rolling the anvil to the surface of the beach. It is quite common for native divers to jump into the sea from cliffs eighty and one hundred feet high respectively; and some of these men are very expert in turning somersaults and entering the water in odd and curious attitudes.

Speaking of high diving and somersaulting, it is in this branch of the art of natation

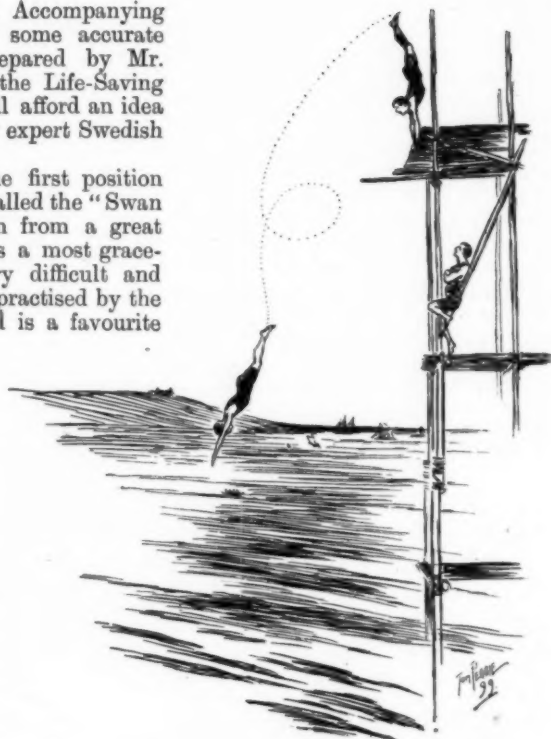


SWAN DIVE.
A SIXTY-FEET PLUNGE

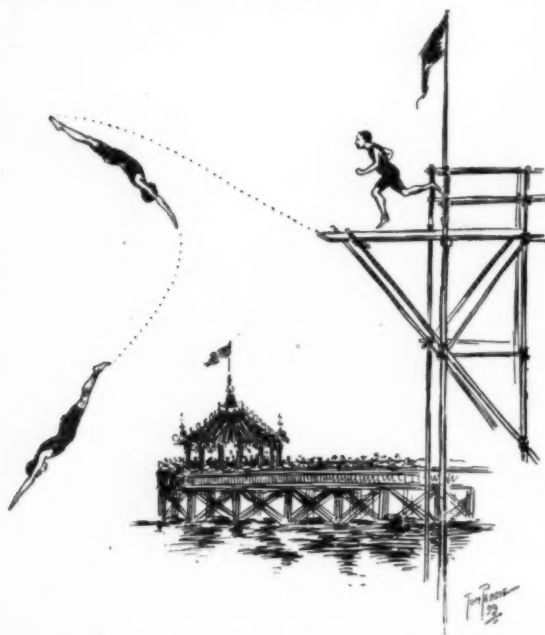
Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

that Swedish divers of to-day excel. Accompanying this article, I am enabled to give some accurate drawings—done from sketches prepared by Mr. William Henry, Hon. Secretary of the Life-Saving Society—an inspection of which will afford an idea of a few of the dives practised by expert Swedish swimmers.

One of the drawings depicts the first position in the most popular Swedish dive, called the "Swan dive." This dive is usually taken from a great height—sixty feet and more—and is a most graceful, and at the same time a very difficult and dangerous, accomplishment. It is practised by the Swedes from a very early age, and is a favourite feat. The dive is begun either with a standing or running spring, most divers beginning with a run. When the body is well in air, the head is thrown backward, the back well and sharply hollowed, the legs closed and held very straight, while the arms are widely opened and flung back. When the body is within a few feet of the water—leading the spectator to suppose that the diver will enter feet first—the arms are quickly swung together, the hands being brought in contact, and the diver, turning completely over, enters the water head first. While in mid-air the



HAND-SPRING SOMERSAULT, PLYMOUTH HARBOUR. HEIGHT, SIXTY FEET



NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS. REVERSE AND SPRING DIVE

diver resembles a man flying, and the dive, if taken from a height of forty or, better still, sixty feet, is very striking. I have been told by those diving in this manner, from great heights, that the sensations of passing through the air are most enjoyable. There is a sharp rushing of the wind past the ears, and (if one be confident of striking at the right angle) one feels very much as if he were actually sailing through the air like a swan—hence the name of the dive. As we behold this dive for the first time we experience great anxiety, fearing the performer will not strike the water correctly, and we almost expect him to meet with a fate similar to that which most bridge jumpers encounter in the end—injury or death. The fault of the bridge jumper is ignorance, and the lack of practice, leaving his

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

contact with the water to chance; whereas with the Swedish diver, jumping from high places is learned by stages, the diving towers being graduated to five, ten, twenty feet, and so on.

When the practised diver enters the water, even from a distance of sixty or eighty feet above the surface, there is scarcely a perceptible splash, the body being held as straight as an arrow. Another remarkable thing is that, immediately after the high dive—or within a few seconds after—the diver reappears upon the surface. One naturally thinks that he would descend—springing from such a height—many fathoms below the surface; and this, indeed, would be the case did not the diver, as soon as he is below, turn his hands upward, deflecting his body in such a manner as to make him rise almost instantly.

A very effective dive is a hand-spring from a height of sixty feet. In doing this, the diver stands upon his hands on the outermost edge of the platform, and, bending his elbows slightly, launches himself head first, entering the water in the same position. This dive is varied by the diver thrusting his legs through his arms, and entering the water feet first, after the manner of the acting-bar trick commonly termed "skinning-the-cat." This high dive is further varied by the diver springing from his hands some little distance from the platform, and turning a somersault before entering the water. It is a difficult feat to perform, not only requiring nicety of balancing powers before taking the spring standing on one's hands, but also eliciting fine judging powers on the part of the performer; for, entering the water from such a height at the proper angle is extremely difficult. Some of this hand-spring diving was shown at Plymouth when the Swedish divers exhibited in England during Jubilee year. Most of the diving was done from a platform sixty feet in height, the open harbour offering excellent diving advantages.

The backward spring is varied both by somersaults and the taking of various attitudes while in mid-air. A favourite dive

backwards among the Swedes is: to bring the body, after springing from the platform, in such a position that the diver has the appearance of returning to the platform; only, of course, at a lower point. Just as he appears to be making straight for the scaffolding, he stiffens out his body, and descends in a straight line, the deceiving "sail" in toward the platform sending a thrill of anxiety through the spectators, who, momentarily, anticipate seeing the diver



A RUNNING SOMERSAULT. FORTY FEET HIGH

dashed against the framework. The mere alarming of beholders, however, is far from the purposes of the Swedish diver. He thoroughly enjoys every dive and variation, and in the summer months many of these divers spend entire days practising their various exploits.

From the earliest times Swedish divers begin familiarising themselves with diving, even the little children becoming accustomed to the water. At first dives are taken from moderate heights, and gradually, as the diver becomes more efficient, he grows more confident, if not more venturesome; for it is not a matter of risk for an experienced diver to leap from a great height—practice has eliminated the element of danger.

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

A favourite pastime among the Swedes is what is called "Cross diving." This is a species of diving wherein a number of men, leaping from different points, cross each other in the air—some above, others below—and yet they reach the surface of the water at the same moment or within a second or two of each other—all reappearing from below simultaneously. With the "Swan" dive, it is customary to play "Follow-the-leader," divers following each other in rapid succession, presenting, as they descend and turn, wonderful kaleidoscopic pictures. Despite the height from which these dives are made, it is seldom that accidents occur, and fatalities are never heard of where the diver has used ordinary precautions. For a diver without practice or experience, however, to attempt high diving is extremely dangerous. To fall flat upon the water even from moderate elevations is very often painful; and without a proper knowledge of the way to deflect the body diving of this kind should not be attempted.

In Sweden, remarkable to relate, women are, in many instances, as expert in diving as men, though they perform their various feats under certain handicaps—for instance, all their diving being done in full costume. It is a very curious spectacle to see a young lady step upon a platform sixty feet high, and walk to the edge in manner unconcerned. You wonder why she is there at all, and at first imagine she has "lost her way" through some strange accident. She is, of course, in street costume, and, therefore, great is your surprise and, it might be said, alarm when she is seen to throw herself from the height. It is not until she has entered the water far below with scarcely a splash one realises that the woman also is a performer. In many of the most difficult dives, however, women do not participate—especially the hand-spring variety, for this necessitates skill in gymnastics as well as in diving. It is quite wonderful, however, in how many of the diving entertainments Swedish women take part. As a rule, women divers are far more graceful than men. Whatever they have to do is done with a precision and neatness which few men are able to acquire; and it may be said that, where no great strength is required, the woman diver excels.

The sketches prepared by Mr. Henry show over nineteen different positions as practised by Swedish divers. Space does not permit of treating each of

these positions in detail, so a selection of the most difficult attitudes has been made. Besides the first position of "Swan diving," the "Running somersault," the "Back dive," the "Backward somersault," the "Reverse dive," the "Hand-spring somersault," and the "Cut through dive" are shown. Of these, the "Reverse dive" will be seen to be a most difficult performance. Here the diver, giving himself a good start by a brisk run, springs well into the air, and with a turn—but not a somersault—reverses his position in the air, forming two "V-shaped" curves, and entering the water head first. This is a dive which requires much practice; for the slightest mistake in the angle of the curve throws the performer on a flat surface of his body, the consequences of which may be disastrous. Only the more skilful of the performers undertake this dive.

In the "Cut through dive," the most careful balancing on the hands is required: the diver first stands on his hands on the edge of the platform, his face toward the diving tower. Then, elevating his feet, he stands inverted but perfectly erect, gradually bending his body inward until he is almost double. The arms are held wide apart, and



"CUT-THROUGH" DIVE, A MOST DIFFICULT FEAT.
HEIGHT, FIFTY FEET

Natural Diving, Useful and Ornamental

the diver, quickly thrusting his feet through them, either enters the water feet first or, after the "Cut through," turns a somersault, entering the water head first. In performing this dive great strength of the arms is required in addition to keen balancing powers. A slip of the hand on the edge of the board, or a collapse of the arms, which is not infrequent in weak-armed divers, may precipitate the performer in such a way that he may either hurt himself on the edge of the platform, or strike the water at the wrong angle.

In all somersaulting dives, great accuracy in judging both the impetus of the spring from the platform and the distance above the surface is essential for any execution of these apparently difficult dives. Just as the body leaves the platform it is doubled, the chin almost resting on the hands, the impetus received from the initial jump supplying the motive power with which it is turned over. For a double somersault, of course, more initial power is required, and, necessarily, more control over the movements of the body while in air. Swedish divers are able to make one turn of a somersault, two turns, or only one turn and a-half, exercising perfect control over their aerial motions.

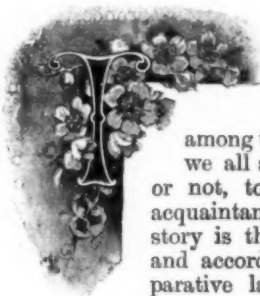
They seem possessed of wonderful skill in judging distances, and in giving their bodies just the necessary initial movements and forces which will enable them to perform their remarkable diving accomplishments.

It is, I think, one of the most interesting sights in the world to witness an exhibition of Swedish diving. All their high dives are done with so much ease and unconcern, that one forgets the years of practice which must have been devoted to almost every dive before it may be executed with such perfection.

Diving is an art in which few English swimmers excel, and it may be said with truth that to see an English diver enter the water without a "fuss"—i.e. splashing and disturbance—seldom falls to the lot of the spectator at the baths or even at some of the so-called exhibitions. Where we may behold one diver enter the water neatly, we will see five others taking what is vulgarly called "breasters." The execution of a neat dive is one which well deserves attention; for it covers a multitude of swimming imperfections, apart from the fact that it is one of the most pleasurable branches of the delightful art of natation.

W. B. NORTHROP.

Unconscious Humour



THE standards by which we judge our fellow-mortals are many and various; among them is one which we all apply, consciously or not, to our friends and acquaintances. Our best story is the measuring rod, and according to their comparative laughter we rank them. It is certainly annoy-

ing that, when the test fails, our natural triumph over the man of inferior humour is well-nigh swamped in an uneasy and unreasonable sense of humiliation. No rebuke is so cutting, so unanswerable, as the perfunctory half-laugh. But if we all laughed in the same degree at the

same jests, laughter would be rare in the world. The serious people provide the best jokes. Even to the kindest humour a sense of superiority is essential; we laugh because we know better. The professional joker pretends he doesn't, and our knowledge that he is pretending is apt to spoil the fun. But over unconscious humour we can have our laugh out.

Childhood is the most serious period of life; amid all its laughter no deliberate humour is to be found. Children attack the problems of existence from a single point of view, whereas all humour is two-sided and involves a mental right-about-face. When Master Eric, aged four, excused a spell of flagrant naughtiness by a reference to "the east wind, mummy," he may not have been perfectly sincere, but his gravity was unquestionable; an explanation which served

Unconscious Humour

its purpose with the grown-ups must serve with him also. The same youth did not hesitate—why should he?—to import into his spelling lesson, the serious nature of which had been duly impressed upon him, the rules and phraseology of what was to him the most serious business of life—play, to wit. The following colloquy is recorded:

"What letter is that, Eric?"

"Dat's E."

"Oh no, Eric, that isn't E. You know it isn't E."

"Oh, well, mummy, let's *pretend* it's E."

Such humour depends for its point on the revelation of a quite unexpected, and to our notions inadequate, standard of thought or behaviour. In a West-country church one Sunday the banns between two parishioners had been put up for the first time. After service the vicar was accosted by the prospective groom.

"Mr. S——, I want to speak to 'ee. About those banns—can I have 'em changed?"

"Of course, if you wish," was the surprised reply. "You are not married yet, or legally bound in any way."

"Ah!"—with a sigh of relief—"that's what I wanted to know. You see, I've been thinking it over; and, seeming to me, I'd rather have her sister."

"You can please yourself," replied the vicar. "But of course fresh banns must be published."

"Ah!" A pause. "Mr. S——, I paid 'ee half-a-crown for putting up those banns. Shall I have to pay another half-crown?"

"Naturally. If you change your mind so late in the day, you must expect to pay for it."

"Ah!" A long pause. Then, with sudden resolution, "Aw, well—leave en be as 'tis!"

Much rustic humour is a matter of unfamiliar vocabulary. One could not but laugh when Mrs. Tonkin bemoaned the loss of "a noble frying-pan," or when a compatriot of hers in all seriousness chose "gay" as the most fitting epithet to convey his impression of a magnificent funeral.

Yet this dictionary humour, as it might be called, is accidental, not essential, and a shifting current in the history of the language might have set us discoursing of funerals or frying-pans in identical terms. Of the same quality is the humour we read into the writings of Gilbert White and Izaak Walton. These gentle serious old men raised no laugh in their lifetimes. Humour has gathered about their pages with the years, merely by the subtle changes of speech and modes of thought. The language Walton wrote with such loving care has treacherously shifted, and given his studied words a shamefully comic twist, much as initials carved on a trunk are lengthened and deformed by the slow growth of the tree. One may recall his disquisition on the caterpillar—the discontented caterpillar, "called a palmer-worm for his *very* wandering life"; who "*will* boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet."

Even the great and formidable Lord Bacon is forced by Time the humourist to cut unconscious capers before us; and when he gravely quotes Busbechius on the Christian Boy, it is hard to resist the smile he never meant to raise. He has been speaking of the kindness of the Turks to animals, and goes on:

"In so much, as *Busbechius* reporteth; a Christian Boy in *Constantinople* had like to have been stoned, for gagging, in a wag-gishnesse, a long Billed Fowle."

But for that peculiar quality of unconscious humour which we call quaintness, the behaviour of Aubrey's famous ghost is hard to beat:

"*Anno* 1670, not far from Cirencester, was an apparition; being demanded, whether a good spirit, or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang."

We laugh; but Time is surely preparing to play some of us the same trick; and posterity may talk some day of "quaint old Stevenson," or chuckle over the unconscious humour of, say, *The Ring and the Book*.

C. L.



Over-Sea Notes

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS)



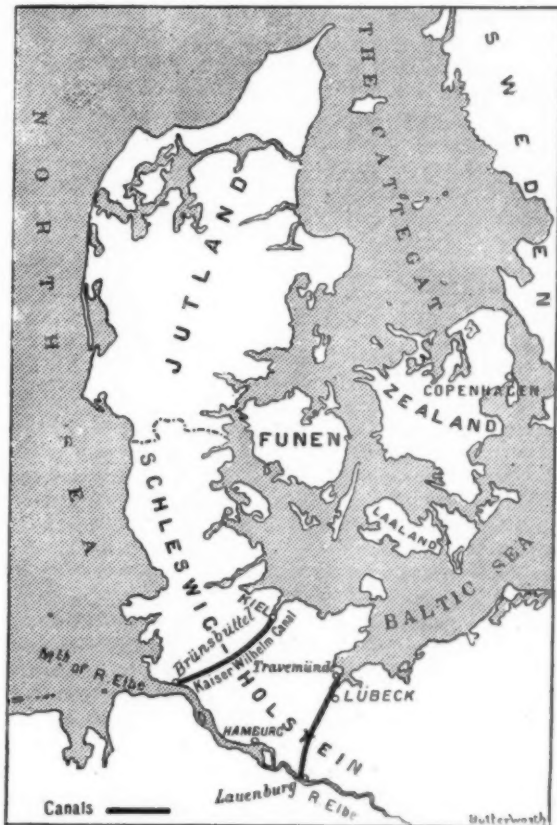
An Important German Canal

THE accompanying outline map shows our readers the position of one of the most important works which have been completed during the reign of the present German Emperor. Recently the Kaiser opened this canal in the old Hanseatic city of Lübeck, and in one of his highly rhetorical speeches pointed out the significance of the new waterway. The canal, it will be seen, unites the waters of the lower Elbe with the Baltic Sea a few miles from the port of Lübeck, at a place called Travemünde. Lübeck, one of the old Hanse towns, has shown a tendency lately to take a subordinate position in the presence of the growing trade of Hamburg and Stettin; the canal will revive its former greatness. The canal now opened is part of the great system of waterways by which the Kaiser intends to connect the principal centres of trade industry and agriculture in Germany with each other and with the sea. It is 42 miles long and has a uniform breadth of 72 feet at its bed, increasing to 89 feet at the water surface. The total cost, including seven locks and twenty-nine bridges, amounts to about £1,200,000. The specific object of the canal is to provide a fresh outlet to the sea for the productions of the districts watered by the upper Elbe—Saxony, Bohemia, &c. In particular, the export of German sugar, especially to Scandinavia, will be greatly facilitated. It will be noticed on the map that a second canal

crosses Schleswig-Holstein farther to the north, but this canal, known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, is chiefly intended for war vessels moving from the Baltic to the North Sea, and for steamers trading in those seas which wish to shorten their passage by avoiding the long voyage round the north of Jutland.—M. A. M.

American Interests in the South African War

IN the early stages of the war in South Africa the interest of American people in the struggle was nearly as keen as that in Great Britain. Except for the lists of killed and



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wounded, which made the reading of English newspapers so saddening, the descriptions of the battles, the retreats and the marches, and of the sieges of Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking, were as full in the American as they were in the English newspapers. Not more than two or three of the American daily newspapers were granted War Office permits for correspondents. The chief New York newspapers bought the right to use the cablegrams and letters which the London newspapers received from their correspondents in the field. For the rest the American newspapers received their war news services from the Associated Press, the American news-collecting agency, whose ramifications reach out to every town of 2,000 people in the United States, and whose representatives are to be found in every capital of the globe. This American organisation in handling war news in its turn worked in association with the great international news-collecting organisations of London, so that English and Americans were reading practically the same reports from the seat of war. Even the opinions of the military experts of the London newspapers were cabled to the American newspapers, as well as the editorial opinions of the London Press, and at the great crises in the war Americans were well informed of the moods in which English people took the reverses and the successes. The London newspapers spent enormous sums in reporting the war. But as regards most of them these outlays were largely reduced by the fact that the New York newspapers were willing to pay liberally for the London correspondents to enjoy the privilege of receiving early proofs of the news from South Africa for cabling to New York.—E. P.

Farmers and Emigration to Canada

PROSPEROUS times in England tell against emigration to Canada. The Dominion immigration agents in England report that "the work of getting emigrants for Canada is harder than ever before, because the United Kingdom is enjoying a period of unparalleled prosperity." This prosperity, according to the same reports, is noticeable in all kinds of business and industrial life, and combined, as it was in 1899-1900, "with an intense wave of patriotic sentiment" it makes "the task of getting emigrants difficult, and the classes from which they can be got somewhat limited." In addition to the general difficulty two special difficulties are reported in connection with emigration work in England.

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It has long been the aim of the Canadian Government to induce two classes of people to try their fortunes in Canada. These are English farmers with capital and domestic servants. As to farmers the immigration agents despair of any success in their work in this direction. One of them frankly tells the Department of the Interior at Ottawa that it is his opinion that "the ordinary tenant farmer is by no means the most desirable immigrant, or the one best adapted for doing pioneer work either in the older or the newer provinces of Canada. As a rule," he continues, "the English tenant farmer has not been used to the toil and hardship and self-sacrifice incident to such a life; and judging by their appearance they are, as a class, better off than the ordinary Canadian farmer."

The same agent is of opinion that the average British farmer would not improve his lot by becoming an average Canadian farmer, but in most cases rather the reverse; and he thinks that "the conditions of life will have to be much easier than they ever have been before any large number of middle-class English will permanently locate on the land in Canada. The general complaint among the returned middle-class Englishmen that I have met," he adds, "is that life is too hard and too rough for the rewards to be gained." The Canadian Government has spent considerable sums of money in pursuing the policy of trying to induce English tenant farmers to immigrate. It would seem that this policy is based on a lack of knowledge in Ottawa of the economic and social conditions of English farm life. At any rate no marked success has attended this line of policy, and, according to the report from which the foregoing quotations have been made, no success is yet in sight. A similar lack of knowledge of present-day English conditions is probably at the bottom of the unavailing efforts to secure a large immigration of Englishwomen of the servant class into Canada. The more general diffusion of wealth which has marked the last quarter of a century in England and the economic and social changes which have opened out new avenues of employment for women have had two obvious results. These changes have increased the demand for women servants, and at the same time they have reduced the supply, so much so that to-day no new country, excepting only the United States, offers more opportunities or higher pay to women servants than they can obtain in England.—E. P.

Coals in China

THE Chinese coalfields are probably the richest and most extensive in the world. They are not only inexhaustible, but they contain the very finest qualities of this mineral. This is especially the case with anthracite coal. Enormous strata and seams stretch in an uninterrupted chain throughout the entire empire. In the one province of Shansi the coal area is estimated at over 4,000 square miles, with a deposit of 630 milliard tons. Various attempts have been made by English, French, and Italian syndicates to obtain concessions for those valuable areas, but the Chinese have successfully resisted every effort, both on the Hoang Ho and on the Yangtse. The Chinese work a number of mines in a perfunctory sort of fashion, and their plant is of a most primitive kind. It is only in Kaiping, north of Peking, that any science is brought to bear on coal mining. The Kaiping mines have an output of about 700,000 tons per year, chiefly used for the railways. Coal mines in China have been worked for over one thousand years.—M. A. M.

The Russification of Finland

THE daily press has already announced that an imperial rescript, signed by the Tsar, orders that the Russian language shall be introduced as the only official language into the Finnish Senate, the bureaux of the Secretary of State, the chancery of the Governor-General of Finland, and the Finnish passport office. From October 1 of the current year the business of these three institutions will be carried on in Russian, while the Senate, the chief legislative assembly of the Grand Duchy, of which over two-thirds of the members at the present time do not understand Russian, is to be permitted to gradually introduce Russian. After 1905 the official language of the Senate is to be exclusively Russian. After 1908 no deputy will be permitted to use Finnish. But probably by that time there will be no Finnish Senate. By this startling *ukase* the Swedish and Finnish languages lose, *de facto*, their position as State languages, and in forcing this measure on the people a wound is inflicted as serious as that which deposed the Lutheran Church from its position as the official Church of the country. It is easy to see the revolutionary nature of the Tsar's edict. It will only be a matter of a year or two before we have supplementary edicts, similar to those issued in the Baltic provinces, ordering the Education Department of the Grand Duchy to adopt Russian as

the means of communication between teachers and scholars. The new Secretary of State for Finland, M. Plehwe, is a pure Russian who knows neither the Finns nor their language and customs. He and General Bobrikoff, the Governor, have received their orders, "Full steam ahead with the Russification of the Duchy," and they are determined to do their work. But we are not to suppose that this brutal policy meets with the universal approbation of the Tsar's subjects. In large sections of society in St. Petersburg, and elsewhere in the Empire, the unscrupulous, cruel treatment of this brave, cultured, and loyal people is roundly condemned, and it is feared that the distrust, misery, and bitterness awakened among the Finns will end in as violent a hatred of Russian rule in Helsingfors as exists in Warsaw.—M. A. M.

Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum

WHILE the great excavation ordered by Bacelli continues in the direction of the *Comitium* and the *Argiletum*, archaeological explorations have been begun to determine the extent and width of the main branch of the *Sacra Via* bordering on the Emilian basilica.

The great Cloaca, walled with square blocks of tufa of the first centuries of the Republic, which starts at the Velia and debouches into the Cloaca Maxima, has been reconnoitred and partially cleared out.

When barely initiated, the exploration has already offered an abundant harvest of architectural and sculptured remains—cornices, reliefs, marble architraves of the Augustan age, dedicatory urns of the fifth century, and other fragments of statuary decorations. Among the latter the foremost place should be assigned to a Greek marble torso of Juno, of the same type as the Barberini Hera, of exquisite workmanship, beautiful in the strong yet delicate modelling of the shoulders and bosom, divined beneath the light folds to which the Greek sculptor has given the transparency of a veil, while preserving boldness of relief which makes the drapery seem to flutter in motion.

Amidst the antique sculpture of which the Roman museums boast, this torso, just discovered in a nook of the Emilian basilica, is the fragment which best marks the culminating point reached by ancient art, for it really seems as if the—unknown, but very great—author of this work used, in handling this marble, breath and caresses rather than a harsh chisel.

Over-Sea Notes

Foremost among the architectural remains first discovered rank two large squares of Luna marble, modelled with foliage spreading from the sinuous branches of an acanthus, through the flowering of which peep small lions. The decorative *motif*, to be considered as the prototype of those which adorned the spaces between the pilasters of the external wall in the pronaos of the Pantheon, resembles certain Pompeian decorations and the well-known walled fragments of the Constantinian constructions in the basilica of St. Laurence; but these recently discovered squares, which were used in the Middle Ages to cover a fissure of the Cloaca Maxima in the Sacra Via, surpass all those hitherto known in material dimensions and in grandeur of modelling. In short, these marbles mark the culminating point of Roman architectural decoration, and resemble the fragments extant of the Temple of Concord. It is known, in fact, that the Basilica Emilia as well as the Temple of Concord were rebuilt under the Emperor Tiberius.

More pavements of *opus sectile*, composed of red porphyry and green serpentine, and of mosaic of the fifth century, continue to be discovered in the Basilica Emilia, and on a level with these a tile was found with the stamp of Theodoric.

M. A. T.

Paraguay for Emigrants

THE English are a ubiquitous race, and there are few quarters of the world where there is scope for their capital and energy where they are not in evidence. There is, however, one country which offers special inducements to immigrants, which is, nevertheless, almost unknown in England, and that is Paraguay. The advantages of free passage, free grants of land, etc., which were formerly offered by the Argentine Republic, were withdrawn some years ago, but they still continue to a limited extent in Paraguay.

That country is making a great effort to attract immigration, well aware that its magnificent natural advantages can only be developed by such a vitalising stream. Some thirty or forty years ago Paraguay was a much richer country than it is to-day. The decay is due to the destructive war which that little republic (about the same in size and population as the Transvaal) waged for a number of years against the overwhelming forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay combined, in which the adult male population was almost entirely destroyed, and the country left in a state of poverty and prostration which was painful to witness.

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During the past few years a notable improvement is again manifest, but both capital and labour are still required to restore a fair measure of prosperity to the country. Owing to the genial climate, fertile soil, and great inducements which the Government offers, there are few countries more attractive. It is not a country for a man who works for wages, which are small; but a small family who can do all the work required among themselves have every chance of prospering. The writer speaks of the country from personal experience. Land, labour, and living are very cheap, and a small capital goes a long way.—J. D. L.

The Disappointments of Expansion

WHEN Mr. McKinley, in his message to Congress, in December 1899, recommended a bill for the Government of Porto Rico, he urged in the strongest terms that Porto Rico should be permitted to send its products to the United States duty free—that there should be as much freedom of trade between the island and the United States as there is between the States in the Union. The country was disposed to act generously towards Porto Rico, and President McKinley's recommendation was received with favour. Congress was in the same mood as the President and the country; and with very little delay the bill was drawn up on the lines suggested by the President. But between December and February Mr. McKinley changed his mind. He had been waited upon by representatives of the tobacco-growers of Connecticut and Wisconsin and of the sugar-growers of Louisiana, who insisted that their interests would suffer if Porto Rico were permitted to send her products into the United States duty free. As 1900 is a Presidential Election year, and as Mr. McKinley is again to be the Republican candidate, he was unwilling to antagonise a single voter. He accordingly ignored his generous words of December 1899, and by his personal influence the bill for the government of Porto Rico was so amended as to set up a tariff against all the products of the island entering the United States. Congress demurred at the change in policy; but the President made it a personal matter with members of the Republican party to vote for the amended bill, and, to the disgust of the country, the sectional interests were permitted to pervert the generous intentions of the American people. The tariff imposed is not heavy, but it is considered by the country as an ill-omened beginning of American colonial rule.—E. P.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S., AND J. MUNRO

A Petrified Forest

EFFORTS are being made in the United States to obtain an Act to preserve as a national park the wonderful deposit of petrified wood, commonly called the Petrified Forest or Chalcedony Park, in Arizona. This deposit or forest is one of the natural wonders of America, and is annually visited by hundreds of scientific men and tourists. The district over an area of ten miles square is covered with petrified trunks and branches of trees, some of which are more than two hundred feet long, and seven to ten feet in diameter. The trees apparently once grew on the shore of some inland sea. After falling, they became waterlogged, and during decomposition the cell-structure of the wood was entirely replaced as it decayed by silica from sandstone in the rocks of the region. One of the most celebrated objects in the forest is a natural bridge formed by an immense petrified trunk lying across a cañon and forming a footbridge, over which men can easily cross. Along the slopes of the valley no vegetation whatever is to be seen, wood being very scarce, while the stone trees are scattered about in great profusion, and millions of petrified pieces of wood lie down the sides. The petrifications are extremely hard, and not long ago a Chicago firm erected machinery for grinding up the trunks to make polishing-powder. Fortunately, a fall in the price of emery caused the scheme to be abandoned, but a similar commercial venture may be made at any time, and one of the wonders of the world will be destroyed if steps are not taken to preserve it.

Mental and Muscular Work

SOME elaborate experiments made by Dr. W. O. Atwater to test the efficiency of man as a machine, supplied with fuel in the form of food, have already been described in these notes. A "Bulletin" just published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture contains an account of some similar experiments made with the view of comparing the diets of University boat crews with those of ordinary college life. The chief fact established by the observations is that the amount and the character of the food required by the body are regulated not only by the muscular work, but also by the nervous effort required by the performance of the work. For hard, steady work, like that, for instance, of a navy, the principal requirement is an abundant supply of easily

digested food. On the other hand, members of University boat crews and of football teams, professional athletes and pugilists, who have to exert themselves very considerably for a short period of time, and are therefore under nervous as well as muscular strain, require food containing a large proportion of protein materials, as, for instance, lean meats, eggs, fish, peas, and oatmeal. In other words, if a large amount of work must be done in a short time, a considerable excess of proteids is required in the food. During training, proteid substances are being abstracted from the muscles; and it is to make up for this loss and also to put the machine in the best condition for suddenly increased duty, so as to limit the after-fatigue effects, that regulation of diet is advisable.

The Severn Bore

ANYONE interested in natural phenomena will be repaid by a visit to Newnham, below Gloucester, to see the bore of the Severn. The conditions necessary for the formation of a bore are a swiftly flowing river, a funnel-shaped estuary, with a wide mouth to receive the tidal wave from the ocean, and a large expanse of flat sand near the level of low water. The Severn possesses all these conditions, and the conflict between the rapidly rising tide and the flowing river produces the bore. The accompanying photograph of the approaching bore was recently taken by Mr. Vaughan Cornish, and it gives a good general view of the phenomenon. The character of a bore does not, however, lie so much in the form as in the motion, which combines the mysterious ghost-like movement of a wave with the rushing steadiness of a railway



THE SEVERN BORE

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train and a roar which can be heard a mile away. A bore of some kind is seen at most tides, but the best effect is produced when a westerly or south-westerly wind is blowing and the river is low. The speed of the bore here represented was about eight miles an hour. The height of the wave was about three feet in the deep water and four feet when bursting on the river bank.

The Occurrence of Manna in India

At a time when the greatest famine India has known is visiting that country, it is most remarkable that manna has been found in the Central Provinces, where the scarcity is most keenly felt. Mr. David Hooper, of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, has recently called attention to this fact. In March last the strange appearance of manna on the stems of the bamboo was reported, and notices of the phenomenon were published. The form in which the manna occurred was that of rods about an inch long and pleasantly sweet. The bamboo forests of Chanda consist of bushy plants, from twenty to thirty feet in height, which grow upon the northerly and westerly slopes of central and southern India. This is said to be the first time in the history of these forests that a sweet and gummy substance has been known to exude from the trees. The gum has exuded in some abundance, and it has been found very palatable to the natives of the neighbourhood, who have consumed it as a food, as did the Israelites of old. The bamboos and sugar-canes are related to each other, and perhaps it is not unnatural to expect them to yield a similar sweet substance which can be used for food; but, as Mr. Hooper points out, it is a coincidence that the stalks of the bamboo, hitherto regarded as dry and barren, should in a time of great scarcity afford sustenance to a famine-stricken people.

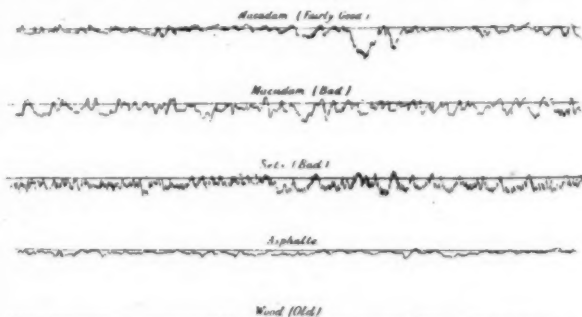
A New Air-ship

To encourage inventors of machines for aerial navigation, a prize of £8,000 for a dirigible air-ship has recently been offered in connection with the Aero Club of Paris. The prize will be given to the aeronaut who shall start from the Bois de Boulogne and take his machine around the Eiffel Tower, returning to the starting-point within half an hour. Part of an air-ship made by M. de Santos Dumont to compete for the prize is shown in the "Scientific American." The machinery and propeller are suspended from a cigar-shaped balloon containing hydrogen. The upper cylinder contains gasoline for driving the motor in front of the aeronaut. The lower

cylinder contains water for use as ballast. The motor is of the same type as is used in motorcycles, and is capable of making 1,500 revolutions per minute. The screw is made of aluminium and steel covered with silk, to enable it to cut the air with the best effect. The aeronaut sits in the saddle and starts the motor by means of a pedal and chain gear, so that he has his hands free for steering and other operations. The machine has a rudder which can be easily operated, and with the present motor of 10-horse power the car can be propelled with a speed of twenty miles an hour.

Automatic Records of Irregularities of Roads

MR. J. BROWN, of Belfast, has invented an instrument by means of which autographic records can be obtained of the surface irregularities of roads. The instrument indicates in a remarkable way the vibrations of vehicles running on roads of different character, and the results, obtained from different parts of the country, are of particular interest to cyclists and users of auto-



AUTOGRAPHIC RECORDS OF VIBRATIONS DUE TO ROADS OF DIFFERENT KINDS. THE DEEP DEPRESSION IN THE TOP LINE IS DUE TO A CROSSING

mobile carriages. In a recent paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Professor Hele-Shaw gave a typical series of curves obtained with Mr. Brown's instrument, and they are here reproduced. From these diagrams the difference in character of the vibrations experienced when a vehicle is passing over various kinds of roads is clearly seen. Wood-paving and asphalt give the least amount of vibration, and roads of granite blocks and macadam are the most shaky. A good illustration of the severe effect produced by a bad crossing is shown in the top line of the figure. These shocks have a very serious effect upon the machinery of motor vehicles, and the best remedy for them is a very important problem. Even with springs under the body of the vehicle, the constant shocks cause noise and destruction of the wheels, and the only satisfactory means of reducing the vibration is by the use of pneumatic tyres. The action of the tyre is really twofold: it not

only interposes the desired elastic cushion between the irregular road and the vehicle, but it does so by a continuous spring of compressed air, extending round the circumference of the wheel. It is on this account that the pneumatic tyre is much to be preferred to any hard tyre. Actual measurements have shown that a vehicle fitted with pneumatic tyres is raised much less when passing over any obstacle than it is when passing over the same irregularity with hard tyres. The expression that a pneumatic tyre absorbs an obstacle is thus shown to be substantially correct.



SUSPENDED ELECTRIC RAILWAY ABOVE THE RIVER WUPPER

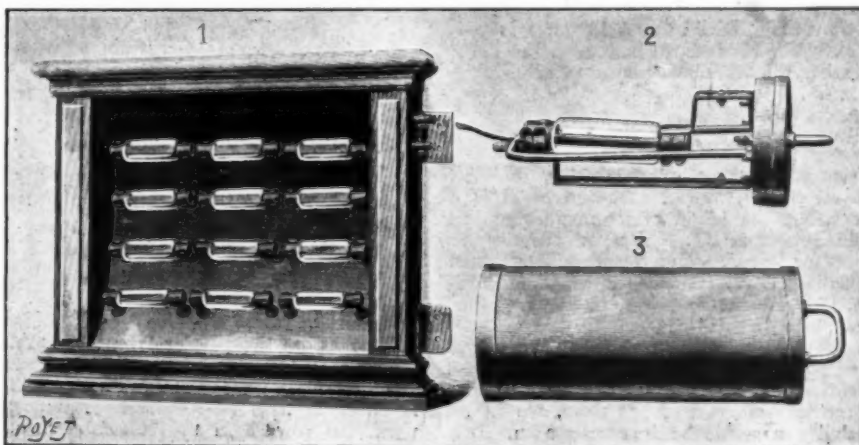
A Suspended Railway Line

ALTHOUGH the Parliamentary Committee rejected the scheme for a mono-rail electric railway between Liverpool and Manchester, it will probably not be long before another attempt is made to introduce this system. The idea of carriages being suspended from rails is not, however, new, an electric railway on this principle being actually in use between Barmen and Elberfeld, in Germany. A view of this railway, showing the curve-construction over the river Wupper, is here reproduced from the "Electrician." The train is suspended beneath the track rails, and the electric motors which drive it are above the rails. There are four motors on each train, and two coaches, having a carrying capacity of fifty passengers, are usually run. Owing to the occurrence of many sharp curves a high speed cannot be attained, the normal velocity being under thirty miles an hour. For

the Liverpool-Manchester line a speed of 120 miles an hour was contemplated, and it will doubtless eventually be reached, though the difficulty of stopping such a train in a reasonable distance and without subjecting the passengers to any unpleasant sensations, can scarcely be said to have been overcome.

The Electric "Log"

ONE of the best applications of what is called "electric heating"—that is, the production of heat by means of electricity—is the electric "fire-log" of M. Le Roy, a Frenchman. It is well known that when an electric current flows through a conductor offering a high resistance to its passage, the energy of the current is partly transformed into heat, or, in other words, the conductor grows hotter. This is the secret of electric heating, and M. Le Roy has found that



AN ELECTRIC "FIRE-LOG"

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a good conductor for the purpose is silicium, either in the crystalline or graphitoid form. A piece of it enclosed in a glass tube exhausted of air, and connected in the electric circuit by copper wires, is the "log" in its elementary form, but a number of these are usually combined in practice. Thus, figure 1 shows a dozen of the tubes arranged in a fireplace, and figure 2 represents a single tube fitted for insertion into a small kettle (figure 3) for boiling water. The electric log is coming into use on French railway trains and on Transatlantic liners.

Growth of Children

It is often said that girls are more precocious than boys, but, according to the observations of Mr. Christopher on school children of Chicago, this is hardly true at all ages. Up to fourteen years the girls were found more precocious and enduring than boys; but from fourteen to twenty boys take the lead, and girls appear to stand still. The energy of girls at the age of twenty is only about half that of boys. Another interesting fact, brought out by this investigator and confirmed by Mr. Macdonald of Washington, is that intellectual and physical superiority in children go together as a rule. Moreover, it would appear that summer-born children are in general of brighter disposition than winter-born, a view that seems to point to the advantages of a cheery and well-ventilated nursery.

The Zebroid

RECENT experiments made in South Africa and Brazil have proved that a hybrid between the horse and zebra can become a very useful animal, especially in hot countries. In Africa it has the merit of resisting the attacks of the dreaded tsetse-fly, and it bears the climate well. The best parents for a strong, docile, active zebroid are Burchell's zebra and the Suffolk, Clydesdale, or French "percheron" horse; but for a swift agile hybrid the Arab horse is preferable. Zebroids take the colours of the horse rather than the zebra, and they are easily broken to harness.

The Magnetism of the Earth

WILLIAM GILBERT, of Colchester, the first great electrician, proved that the earth is a magnet, but the origin of its magnetism has remained a mystery. Various theories to account for it had been propounded, but none were satisfactory. Professor Rowland, of Baltimore, the eminent American physicist, claims, however, to have discovered, by experiments with a revolving wheel, that the magnetism is caused by the rotation of the planet, and that the sun and the other planets of the solar system, not to speak of the stars, are in all probability magnetic for the same reason. It is interesting to note that Professor Rowland's result bears out the views of the author of the

"Romance of Electricity," published by the Religious Tract Society, who ascribed the magnetism to rotation in the ether.

The Telephone

A NOVEL way of recording telephone messages and reproducing them at a future time has been devised by Herr Paulsen, C.E., of Copenhagen. He does not cause the telephone to record the message in a phonograph as others have done. He makes a strip of steel pass in front of the telephone which is receiving the message, and the electric currents of speech induce magnetism in it of a strength corresponding to their strength. This magnetised steel is the record, and when passed in front of the poles of an electromagnet it induces electric currents in the magnet of a strength corresponding to the magnetism of the strip. The electromagnet is also connected to a telephone, and the induced currents in it make this telephone speak the original message. The apparatus is to be shown at the Paris Exhibition.

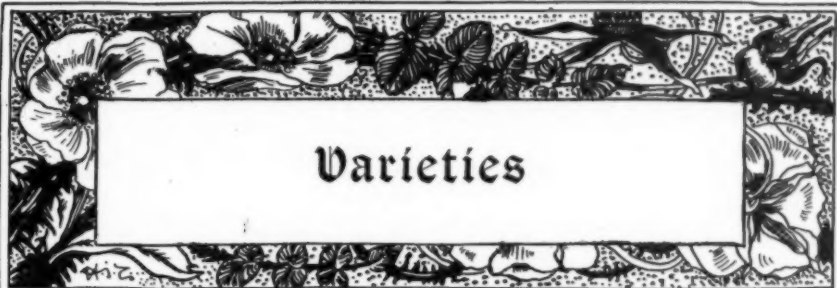
A Smokeless Flashlight

THE flashlights of magnesium powder used in photography produce a disagreeable smoke which may also injure the pictures; but M. Charles Henry, a Parisian photographer, has brought out a method by which the smoke is avoided and excellent photographs taken. His apparatus consists of a cupel, A, which is made



A SMOKELESS FLASHLIGHT

red-hot before the powder is put into it; B is the bonnet of wire gauze to collect the grains of magnesium; C is the vessel in which the alcohol is burnt to heat the cupel; D is a spoon to place the powder in the cupel; E, F, G, the spirit measure, the magnesium flask, and the spirit bottle.



Varieties

The Hill of the Fifteen Counties

FROM Mary Howitt to Oliver Wendell Holmes there has been no lack of voices in praise of Malvern, but you may be there many times without realising its full charm. Should your lot be cast high on the hill in a fickle summer, which mixes wintry glooms with its brightness, you will see nature in many moods, and find the famous Beacon vantage-ground for your wonder. The extent of view, which touches fifteen counties, strikes everyone: it stretches from the Wrekin on the north to the Cotswold and the Mendips on the south; and from the mountains of Wales to Edgill on the Oxfordshire boundary, and northward into Leicestershire. The Severn traverses the whole distance from Plinlimmon, only here and there faintly showing at this season till it gleams as it widens to the Bristol Channel; Shakespeare's Avon takes also its sequestered way till it joins the greater river. The smoke of Birmingham may sometimes be discerned rising above the ridge which hides its houses; a dozen busy towns lie scattered within ken, and yet scarcely break the green landscape; the smoke of collieries rises like a puff on the wide air; the fiery nights of the Black Country glimmer only as many glow-worms. Six of the battlefields of English history lie below; Gloucester Cathedral is in sight; Tewkesbury Abbey shows white in the sun; Worcester Cathedral is within reach; Hereford just raises its crest among the western hills. And yet all this vast area, as we look upon it from day to day, is seen subject to aerial changes which are symbols of the mightier mystic power that makes all earth but footstool of the heavens.

You may look upon it, and weary with what seems for the moment the commonplace monotony of haze; you may see it all aglow with sunshine that makes the rich pastoral lands a delight; or the darkness may lie across the land, every tree black, every green field shadowed, in a weird solemnity. The wide landscape changes like the sea: it smiles, it frowns, it sleeps, it sways with the wind; it is as fickle, it is as variously coloured. One hour all is obscure: you see nothing at the point on which you gaze; the next there is a wave of light, and the abbey tower rises in its midst, and the silent cottages come into line like an enchantment;

or from under yon dim nothingness a town spreads out its arms. In this play of light and shade, the cloud shadows chasing each other, distant fields will show like ranges of white cliff, or a burst of sunshine will transform the hanging mists of the river valley into a lake, or give them the aspect of snowfields. On other, perhaps colder, days floods of blue invade the distance, rich colour slumbers on the plain or along the horizon. One western range we saw in afternoon sunlight blue as the sky above it. Like the "utmost purple rim" of Tennyson that bounded the sky, a tremulous blue line may gird the nearer earth of the "dying day." The whole land may sink to rest under a tinted haze. When the clouds are broken and the sun is stronger, the evening shadows may deepen to purple, and sweep like ragged banners across the fields. You may even chance to see in the clear southern distance, nigh twenty miles off, the tower of Gloucester Cathedral, pink in the sunset, and its windows all a-sparkle. In one day there will be many changes of tone and feeling. Sometimes, at bright noon, the far distances appear to fade away into the blue sea itself.

It was Alexander Smith who wrote of "the shadow of the great night coming down" as he used to watch it from a hill above the city. Here you may see it come with a thousand soft benedictions on its fleecy wings. We have seen the evening rays pierce the clouds, and seem to float suspended with them, or descend in marvellous lines that furrow the fields beneath. So, too, we have watched the clouds gather, and thicken, and darken, and, moving slowly till the rains fall, drift along their appointed path; and storms break and disperse in a manner that makes us think of our brethren scattered and fighting among the kopjes. From the north comes one evening a huge horde of blackness, spreading out to right and to left, holding all the land, sealing our Spion Kops, and pouring floods of darkness and desolation on its track. It is impenetrable; the murmur of thunder begins to be heard; we can see the long lines of fire fall straight to the earth, in too great haste to zig-zag as the painters make them. Presently, above the ancient British Camp, on the Herefordshire Beacon, to the south, the clouds brighten; slowly the light breaks above the top of

Varieties

the hill and ascends. Still the great masses from the north swing down unbroken; we can measure their steady advance from ridge to ridge, while still the lightning falls. But right in front, to the south, is the gathering light, and we can see the white-touched southern clouds, moving on a slightly lower plane, coming victoriously northward. The stronger winds are with them. It is the charge of a light brigade. Over the hill-top spreads the dawning blue; the storm is broken; the threatening masses of cloud vanish into thin air northward, whence they had come. Would that it were omen for this storm-swept world!

Scarcely less wonderful was the sunset of the next evening. As the sun fell to the horizon the mists, catching its glory, etherealised everything, and gave strange airiness and spirituality to nature. The little hills at the foot of the Beacon seemed like rolling waves in an earth of phantoms. Still more glorious was yet the next day's sunset, which came coincidentally with heavy rain. The west had spread its golden spaces, and laid out its customary splendours, and above them a sky of exquisite purity and peace, edged with threatening cloud. The effect of this rare brilliance through the rain was transforming. The landscape was seen as in a shattered mirror of magical powers; and yet that artificial figure fails, for Nature herself wrought the marvel. A vision as of Paradise seemed to spring from beneath; we could even see one of the rivers that ran through it, winding its way "where there is gold," and the mists rising laden with tears, and a thousand forms of delicate beauty, as if the grossness of earth had vanished and the insubstantial heaven had descended, the hills and trees that were nearest being magnified and clothed in the charm of a celestial mystery. Soon, as the rains swept southward, a perfect rainbow crowned the high hill that bounded the valley. It needs a painter's power to describe such scenes. They say that the wide spaces of nature lie beyond his art; that only a Turner can faintly suggest these vast effects. We are happy if we chance on their realities at Malvern.—W. S.

The Jungfrau Railway

SINCE the article on the Jungfrau Railway was sent to press for our August number, we note that an intimation has been given that a further section of the railway has this season been thrown open for traffic.



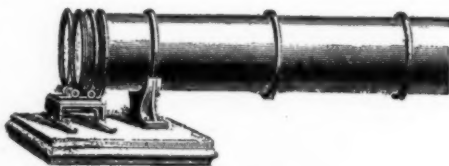
THE TELESCOPE IN POSITION

The Great Telescope at the Paris Exhibition

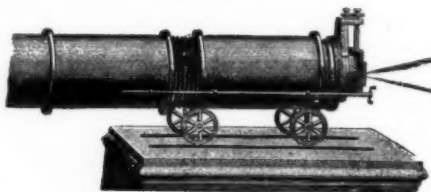
THE great telescope at the Paris Exhibition surpasses in size and capacity all previous instruments of the kind. It is sixty metres in length and has cost a million and a-half francs.



REFLECTOR, 6 FEET 6 INCHES IN DIAMETER, WITH ADJUSTING APPARATUS



OBJECT-GLASSES



EYE-PIECE

The Votive of Cat

"I WILL wager," said Archbishop Whately, "that none of you can tell me the vocative case

of cat." There was a profound silence, broken at last by a timid listener, who ventured to say, "Will your Grace tell us?" "Puss!" replied his Grace.

To be Thought about

INFANTS ought not to be at school, but at play. In this country they began to attempt to educate a great deal too soon, just as they left off a great deal too soon. At Whitsuntide he met in the Tyrol a fine little fellow, who told him with great pride that he was six years old, that he had never been inside a school, but that he was going in the autumn, after the long summer holidays were over, and that then he would remain at school until he was fourteen. He could not help contrasting the lot of that little fellow with the lot of the ordinary English country boy, who was cooped up in school as soon as he was three years old, when he had much better be playing about in the lanes and fields; who had a quantity of information crammed into him which his little brain was quite incapable of assimilating, and who was turned out of the school at eleven or twelve to labour for the rest of his life. The fact really was that infant schools were what one of the inspectors had called them—storage places for babies. He should say that the age of six was quite early enough to attempt to exercise the human brain, and that from six to eight a kindergarten system of teaching was the only one really suitable for these tender children.—*Sir John Gorat in the House of Commons.*

[There is the question, where, if not "stored," would the majority of these infants be? While these matters are under discussion, we can at least see that the little ones are shown how to make the best of their holidays.]

An Irish Romance

IN 1853, Mr. Daunt heard of a Connaught lawyer who married the daughter of his cowherd, receiving with her a dowry of £15,000. "The herd could not read, and his master was in the habit of reading the letters for him received from his emigrant brother and relations. The herd's only brother had in early youth enlisted in the army, and had been lost sight of for many years. One day a letter for the herd arrived, to the care of Mr. Browne, announcing that the soldier, who had risen to the rank of General, had died intestate in India. His property was about £15,000. To this sum the herd was entitled as next-of-kin. Mr. Browne sent for him, and without naming the extent of the windfall, told him that he had got news of an excellent succession. The herd's imagination figured something that would perhaps buy fifty head of cattle. After a little preliminary chaffer, George Browne began to praise the comeliness and rustic graces of one of the herd's daughters, and ended by making her an offer of marriage on condition of receiving the General's succession as the girl's fortune. The guardian of Mr. Browne's cows

was bewildered at the honour of becoming Mr. Browne's father-in-law. He readily assented, and his daughter acquiesced with great satisfaction in the offer to make a lady of her. Browne took care that the settlements were water-tight, and the little romance soon ended in his marriage. 'I have dined with them,' said my informant, 'and Mrs. Browne gets on wonderfully well. She is quiet, good-natured, and hospitable.'"—*Memoirs of O'Neill Daunt (Unwin).*

The Glory of an Englishman

AN Englishman's true glory should be to do his business well, and say little about it; but he disgraces himself when he puffs his prowess as if he had finished his task, when he has but just begun it.—*Cowper's Letters.*

Astronomical Notes for September

THE SUN rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the first day of this month at 5h. 14m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 30m., and sets at 6h. 23m.; and on the 21st he rises at 5h. 46m. and sets at 6h. 0m. The autumnal equinox this year is on the 23rd, the Sun being vertical over the Equator at noon on that day. The Moon will enter her First Quarter at 7h. 56m. Greenwich time on the morning of the 2nd; become Full at 5h. 6m. on that of the 9th; enter her Last Quarter at 8h. 57m. on the evening of the 15th; and become New at 7h. 57m. on that of the 23rd. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about half-past 6 o'clock on the evening of the 9th, and in apogee or farthest from us about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. No eclipses are due this month. The Moon will occult the planet Saturn on the evening of the 3rd (disappearance at 7h. 16m., too soon after sunset to be visible; re-appearance at 8h. 11m.), and will pass a short distance to the south of the Pleiades, occulting some small stars, on the evening of the 13th. The planet Mercury will not be visible to the naked eye this month, being at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th. Venus will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 17th; she is diminishing in brightness as a morning star, and by the end of the month will have passed into the western part of the constellation Leo. Mars rises now about midnight, and moves during the month from Gemini into Cancer, passing towards the middle of it to the south of the bright stars Castor and Pollux; he continues to increase very slowly in brightness. Jupiter is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Scorpio, and is in conjunction with the crescent Moon on the evening of the 1st inst., setting at about half-past 9 o'clock. Saturn is stationary, in the western part of Sagittarius; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 3rd, when (as already mentioned) he will be occulted by her, and by the end of the month will set soon after 9 o'clock in the evening.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

On Holiday Happiness

1. "And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."—*Milton*.
2. "To know what you prefer, instead of saying
Amen to what the world tells you you ought to
prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."—*Stevenson*.
3. " . . . O perfect day,
Wherein shall no man work, but play,
Wherein it is enough for me,
Not to be doing but to be."—*Longfellow*.
4. "A sunshiny world full of laughter and
leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow
or thrall."—*Ingelow*.
5. "Indolence of mind and body, when we aim
at no more, is frequently enjoyed; but the very
inquiry after Happiness has something restless in
it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate
meals, friendly conversations and easy slumbers,
gives himself no trouble about."—*Steele*.
6. "The truant . . . may pitch on some tuft of
lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to
the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will
sing in the thicket, and there he may fall into a
vein of kindly thought and see things in a new
perspective."—*Stevenson*.
7. "Ecstasies so sweet
As none can even guess
Who walk not with the feet
Of joy in idleness."—*Bridges*.
8. "The sun comes out of his chamber in the
east, with a sparkling eye, 'rejoicing like a bride-
groom.' The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's
rod that budded."—*Leigh Hunt*.
9. "When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure."
Browning.
10. "The light air . . .
Made them to boys again. Happier that
they
Slipped off their pack of duties. . . .
No door-bell heralded a visitor,
No courier waits, no letters came or went."
Emerson.
11. "The blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the
heart."—*Lowell*.
12. "Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the
down,
Where the green, grassy turf is all I
crave."—*Beattie*.

We invite our readers to send in, before Sep-
tember 18, brief quotations on HUMAN NATURE.
Each to send one only, written on a postcard. FIVE
SHILLINGS for the best.

The "Holiday" quotation prize is awarded to
M. WALKER, Clonbrin, Kildare, Ireland.

A NEW COMPETITION

The answers and awards in this competition
(from May to August) will be given next month.

Answer to Fifth Acrostic—Some Brave Victorians

(p. 838)

VOLUNTEERS

From every clime, and class, and creed, comes
forth the Volunteer,
To fight for Queen and liberty, to every Briton
dear!
From far Ontario with its snow, to London with
its fog,
The man from University, the labourer from his
bog:
They're laying down their lives for home, and
fighting in Natal;
The horseman from Tasmania, also answers Eng-
land's call.
And poor distressful Erin too, who never gets her
right,
Has shown that she is loyal, and is foremost in
the fight:
Even our younger brothers from Rhodesia have
come forth,
And Scotland, ever trusty, comes from John
O'Groats to Perth.

Yes, many brave Victorians have donned their
khaki suits;
And many others still at home, would gladly fill
their boots;
They have to tear themselves away from home
and women's tears,
But, for Honour, Queen, and Country's Cause,
there are always Volunteers.

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to
DR. MONTGOMERY, Angelton, Bridgend, N. Wales.

A new series of Literary Competitions, including
Acrostics, Search Questions, and Bout Rimes, will
begin in the November Number, with our new
volume.



Wives, Mothers, and Maids

TALKS IN COUNCIL

On Excesses

INDOLENCE is a vice, but has it ever struck anyone that the excess of a virtue may be more inimical to one's neighbours than a vice which annoys them? The Greeks made their helots drunk, that their sons might see the degradation of intoxication; contempt for the sluggard and his surroundings would nerve most of us to activity.

It is not easy to recognise individually our right place in the family, in the community, in the State, and yet the power to take our proper niches there is a first essential of happiness for ourselves and those about us. I have the boldness to express the conviction that the doctrine of unselfishness, if not too extensively taught, is frequently accepted in the wrong quarter; that there is a section of the community who need instruction in resistance, in self-assertion, in that justice to self which is a corollary of justice to our neighbour. Over-busy mothers evolve indolent daughters; any individual willing to do more than her share of life's unpleasant things will infallibly be given them to do. Let the average Martha develop a talent for tidiness, for mending, for any domestic industry, and—imperceptibly and without conscious intent it may be—everybody's dilapidated garments will creep into her basket, and everybody's apartment be left for her to put in order. The mother will think "Dear Martha likes to be useful," and her juniors will say with amiable contempt, "she is that jolly old sort, she likes to puddle about and fix things up," while it is

Martha who will take herself to task for her lack of patience and meekness, if she observes with some disappointment that the shortest holidays are always allotted to her, and that she is expected to wear out the ill-cut coats and don the left-over millinery.

Perhaps Martha is the plain member of the family; if she is the sensitive one in addition, it is intelligible that she assumes the obscure rôle of doing what she thinks her duty; but it is sad that the well-meaning people about her should complacently assent to injustice, and should salve their consciences in letting her wrong herself. A mother's obligation is to see that each of her children meets its own responsibilities; on no plea whatever should there be a family burden-bearer. It is a joy to be kind, but unless the rule of kindness is compulsorily established on a basis of reciprocity, the scale of human conduct inevitably tips towards injustice, and the characters of the coming men and women are warped for all time. Nothing is easier than to build up a theory of our individual rights—our right to service, to devotion, to consideration—but too many rights to one involve an equal number of wrongs to others. Youth is the time to form character. It is easy to pluck out weeds in the spring; leave them till the autumn, and only a scythe will clear the ground. It may be that the meek person trains herself to excessive virtue, but while doing so fosters a corresponding number of bad qualities in those she thinks to benefit. Monopoly of any kind is an evil, even monopoly of service.

Excess of usefulness may also arise from

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

arrogance, from a little contempt for the capacity of those who would like to be useful too. Martha may think that no one else can do household duties with her particular skill; that Mary and Sarah and Ann are too clumsy to be trusted with the washing of the silver or the mending of the linen; that Benjamin is a great awkward hobbledehoy capable only of making waste and disorder, that his things must be looked after as if he were a baby, that he cannot be expected to put his own property in its own place, that—being a boy—it is natural that he should make confusion wherever he goes; as to replacing a button on one of his own garments, to do it would unsex him. Martha undertakes everything for everybody, and the others cultivate their minds, or their bodies, or their social accomplishments, till one day there is a physical collapse on the part of the family drudge—mother or daughter. Martha is upstairs agonising with hysteria or insomnia or some organic malady due to overstrain, while the culprits who witnessed her martyrdom are saying to each other with considerable truth, "We would have helped her had she been willing, but she liked to do things."

Mothers make favourites among their children—not always of the youngest or the weakest, which would be an intelligible injustice—but of the pretty one, the smart one, the popular one. Does the child shine, then the parent has a reflected glory. That the star may beam more effulgently, is it not natural to want to pinch the light off the little twinkling taper? Does Sir or Lady Oracle speak, then must no dog bark. Ah, the roots of bitterness that have grown in households from this misdirected love, the lives that have rushed on ruin because they could not attain to simple everyday human justice where they had most right to look for it—at home! Do parents realise the wrong they do in censuring children for what they cannot help, and would help if they could; for being plain, for being dull; in commending them for what is no personal deserving—beauty, grace of movement, vivacity? It is often the richest gems that lie deepest, that sparkle least when they emerge from the mine; it is often the loveliest statue that needs most skilled touches to cut it from the roughness of the block. Hardness harms nobody, provided it lie in the conditions of life and not in the

humours of those about us. Unless beaten to capacity for endurance on the anvil of home, we shall never learn to force our way through the laborious furrow of life; but the strokes must be administered with impartiality, and the eye of the smith must be skilful and his hand true.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. J.—The question is one for a lawyer; so many details enter into leases and agreements that only a professional opinion could be final. There are lawyers who are honest enough not to make more than a single interview out of a mere technical question, for which the charge ought not to exceed 6s. 8d. The law's delays are proverbial, and its cost is justly an object of terror.

S. B.—You can only be advised on general principles. That two people can live as cheaply as one is incorrect, therefore anyone whose income leaves no margin beyond his personal expenses would be very unwise to marry unless the object of his choice has something that will materially increase the household revenue. People may be too prudent and wait too long for comfortable circumstances, thinking them indispensable to happiness; but that is so exceptional a blunder that it is scarcely necessary to indicate it. People may live very contentedly on a small income, provided they honestly accept all the conditions and make theirs the day of small things; but it must be recognised that love will not work miracles or make one shilling do the work of ten. Commodities never were cheaper than to-day, and the practical and thrifty can make a little money go far; but it is these who shrink from desperate risks. Marriage means a household of some sort, and it is impossible to maintain that on the income necessary for one individual in lodgings.

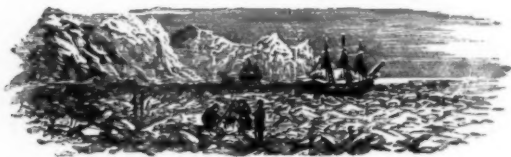
VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



Our Chess Page

SUMMER SOLVING COMPETITION

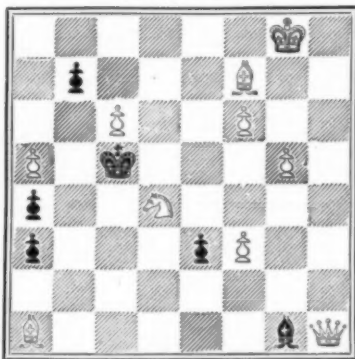
Problems and Solutions

SOLVING COMPETITION PROBLEMS

No. 11.—By A. F. MACKENZIE

Motto: *Asphodel*

BLACK—6 MEN



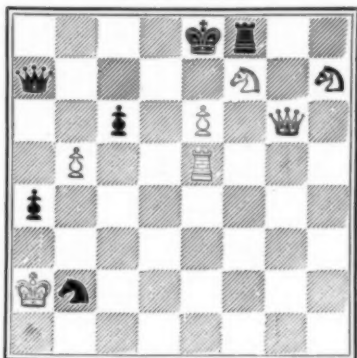
WHITE—10 MEN

White mates in three moves

No. 12.—By M. HAVEL

Motto: *Dalibor*

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White mates in two moves

Solutions to be sent in by
October 1, 1900

As problems Nos. 1 and 4 were unsound, two more will be given next month to complete this competition.

Solutions to Problems published in
June Number.

PROBLEMS IN THREE MOVES

Composer	Motto	Solution
F. Skalik	Gloria ¹ Victis	B × Kt 4
		Q—Q 8 ch
		Kt—KB 8 ch
		P × B
		P—QB 4 ch
J. F. Colpa	Staunton	P × P
		Kt × P ch
		R—B 5 ch
		B—Q 4
		K × Kt 5
J. Smutny	Lear	Kt—K 3
		Kt—Kt 7 ch
		Kt × P
		Kt (Kt 4) B 6
		Kt—QB 7
		Q—Q 7 ch
		K—K 4
		Kt—QB 8 ch
		P—QB 4
		Kt—Q 4 ch
		R—KKt 8
		P—B 4 ch
		Other
		Q × RP

PROBLEMS IN TWO MOVES

Z. Mach	Lula	No solution. Q—QR 2 intended, but Q—K 7 prevents mate in two moves
P. K. Traxler	Radies Rcentgenis	Q—Kt 7
G. Heathcote	Excalibur	Kt—Q 6

¹ 'Cooked' by Kt × Kt P.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor "The Leisure Hour," Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION 21

Open to all our readers.

THE BEST SYNOPSIS of Mr. Louis Becke's new story "Tom Wallis."

One Prize of a Guinea, Two Prizes of Half-a-Guinea, Four Prizes of Five Shillings, and Five of Half-a-Crown.

The story appears in our pages from May to October. No synopsis to exceed two pages of foolscap.

RULES

1. Every competitor must cut out the *Eisteddfod ticket*, given on p. 13 of advertisements, and fasten the ticket to the *outside of envelope* containing his or her Essay.
2. All Essays to be written on one side of the paper only.
3. Competitions to be addressed to the Editor, "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., not later than October 19, 1900.

Our Next Volume

A new serial story

"THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR"

By SILAS K. HOCKING

Will appear in our next Volume, commencing in November.

Among papers which will appear in early numbers are :

THE SIEGE OF SHANGHAI. By One who was in it.

TRAVANCORE. By General Sir George B. Wolseley, K.C.B.

ABOUT THE LESS-KNOWN LAND OF BURNS. Illustrated article by Barrington Macgregor.

ON THE RIVER PLATE Travel Papers by Louis Becke.

SHORT STORIES

BY

ETHEL TURNER,

LESLIE KEITH,

M. H. CORNWALL-LEGH, AND OTHERS.